

The Listener

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Time to Spare!

The Woman's Side of Unemployment

Living on Hope for Thirteen Years

By Mrs. PALLIS

IF only he had work! Just imagine what it would be like. On the whole, my husband has worked about one year out of twelve and a half. His face was lovely when I married him, but now he's skin and bones. He was earning from eight pounds to ten pounds a week. He's a left-handed ship's riveter—a craft which should be earning him a lot of money. I don't think he's capable of a hard day's work now. He's got chronic bronchitis since he's out of work.

Through all the struggling, I've still not lost my respectability. About three or four years ago I could even manage to win a competition for the best-kept home for cleanliness and thrift. My children wouldn't go to school with a hole in their trousers. They come to me. My eldest boy has trousers on at the moment with six patches on them; I just tell him he'll be all the warmer, specially in the winter. My husband helps me with the darning. Then when we've finished with the clothes, my husband puts them into making a mat.

Many a time I put a bit of black polish on a white thread, to put a patch in, because I haven't a penny to buy any black thread. And oftentimes I take the buttons off the dirty shirt and put them on the clean, because I haven't the money to buy more buttons if there are some

missing. Many a time my husband's had to make cups for the children out of empty condensed milk tins. I've always tried to keep my house looking nice. I feel as if I want to be the same as everybody else. My husband tries each year to freshen things up with whitewashing and so on.

When I was first married we had the one room. I had the four children in it, and then I had the chance of three rooms and, though it was twice the rent, I took the responsibility. I have always felt that environment counts. The children are what I fight for, it's not for myself. I couldn't expect to bring four children up decently in one room.

I have no water laid on in the rooms. I have to go down two flights of steps into the yard, for water and coal. I've no sink, so every drop of water has to be carried down as well as up. When you feel that sort of thing is when you wash. We've only one lavatory in the yard between the three families who are in the building. I think every family ought to have its own lavatory. I know we ought to have fresh air, but we have to sit in stifling, because just outside they've made a coal depot. If we open the windows, we eat and breathe coal. Yet we aren't classed as a slum area.

I've got five children—four boys and a girl. It's worry-

ing me a lot now. The girl's too big for the cot. She's nearly five. She's too big to come in our bed. I can't buy a bed for her, and besides, I've no room for it. So she has to sleep in with the boys. The girl sleeps at the bottom of the one big bed, and the three boys at the top. It's all right at present, but in another year or so, it's going to be a bit awkward. I don't think those sort of things come to men's minds like they do to women's. They have to have them pointed out to them; but it's between me and my sleep and my food.

Everybody wants one baby, even when you can't afford them, but when it comes to the third, and fourth and fifth, you dread, not for the children, but for the means to support them. I know I've cried when I knew I had to have another baby, not for myself, but for what they have to be brought into—no work, no means, no jobs for them. But it means expense to avoid them. I know all about the avoidance part, but I haven't the means to carry it out. It costs money. It's all very well people talking, but if you notice, it's always the people who've got the means who don't have the babies. At the same time, I hope I have no more. But when you're married, you're married. They blame women for getting babies; but if all women

refused, there'd be some court cases, wouldn't there? Men bringing their wives up for conjugal rights. I feel the majority of men who are out of work are out of health too, and shouldn't have no more, besides the fact that we can't afford them. I think we ought to have some information from somewhere given to us. It's ignorance on some people's part; or for people like myself who know, we haven't got the money. I know a baby costs more when it does arrive, but we just haven't the pence to spend to prevent it.

I had three in four years. Then there was four years between the next one, and then four years between the last two. If we'd given way, we could have had another three. I think it's the men who want the teaching more than the women.

My husband never changes his dole money, but still we can't manage. We're both of us always occupied in the home. I haven't had a holiday for thirteen years. My husband's never been to a football match. When people talk about the talkies, I don't know what they mean. I've never been, but I've no desire to go—it's all gone.

But it's the people who keep themselves respectable who don't get any help. And I've never applied anywhere for any help. My husband's a Sunday school teacher, but at present he can't go, he's so shoddy. It's all right in the winter, but when the sun shines, it shows all the glare up on the clothing. Often he's taken the leather off his own shoes and put it on to the boys' in the winter. I often go practically barefooted in the home, so as I can present myself respectably outside. About three years ago I had to suffer weeks from a bump under my arm, because I didn't like to go in front of the doctor at the Infirmary, because my underclothes were all worn. I was clean, but they were in rags.

It's the women who suffer. The man brings the dole in and he's finished—the woman's got all the rest. Many a week he's given it me and I've just said 'Put it in the fire'. I've often said to him, 'Don't you feel shamed at bringing 33s. to keep all these on?' And he'd say, 'What can I do?' He'd work if he could get it. The dole is not the same as earned money. I'm not blaming my husband. I don't know who to blame, but I wonder who I should blame. I know what it will come to. Some of our mental homes will be filled, if there's not a drastic change. What are you struggling for? We've got no aim in life. I often do jobs over again that don't need to be done, just to keep myself from thinking. I have to pray for help to keep me going. For my own self, I don't care if my time on this earth was finished. But what about the bairns? That's the thing.

Sometimes comedies will crop up, even if you are miserable. It's a few years ago, I wrote an essay on different grades of milk, and won a competition. And at that time there was no fresh milk coming into our house. Now I get a pint a day, just for cooking purposes. Besides that all I can get is two tins of skimmed milk a week. They say we all ought to drink a pint of milk a day. Well, average it out for

our house—seven pints a day, it would be about fourteen shillings a week. They're always teaching us that at our Welfare, but it's a bit of a laugh. Our Medical Officer wrote an article the other day and said white bread, marge and tea was no good for no one. Well, that's our main diet, and thousands more like me.

By the time I have paid ten shillings for coal, gas and rent; and paid money for the allotment rent, for burial insurance, to the Clubs for the children's clothes, for chapel collection, and cigarettes for my husband, leather for cobbling and so on, I have about ten shillings left for groceries, two shillings for milk and about three shillings to three and sixpence for meat. That is about sixteen shillings a week for food. I bake all my own bread. I find if I get a half a pound of tea every week for three weeks, then I can make do the fourth week with a quarter of a pound, and so get a penny or two to put to a few currants or such-like. I make a two pound jar of jam last the four weeks. Some weeks I can get a quarter of a pound of bacon for threepence or threepence-halfpenny. Now that eggs are cheap, I use quite a lot. We very, very rare get cheese. We all like it, but it is a bit of a luxury. When there are birthdays we have it.

I generally manage some kind of dinner every day. A roast that I get for about one-and-sixpence, to last Sunday and Monday; mince, or a vegetable soup, or herrings, if in season, or eggs and chips. Then I give them green vegetables and potatoes—we're lucky in being able to get vegetables from the allotment. Milk puddings I make for the two youngest, and sometimes there is enough for all the children. For breakfast the family gets cocoa, bread and butter or marge. Tea and

(Continued on page 847)



Typical back-yard in Mrs. Pallis' home town

By courtesy of the 'Sunderland Echo'

German Labour Camps

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

If you want to understand something of the real significance of a revolution, it's better not to pay too much attention to the theories about it and to try to find out what is actually going on. I was recently able to see one tiny piece of the New Germany—the Labour camps in the Fen country and open moors of Schleswig-Holstein. These labour camps mean a tremendous lot to the Nazis, and by this summer they hope to have 250,000 men and women in them. You find them dotted about the countryside, an old barracks, or a collection of army huts, stuck down in the middle of a desolate heath, or on the sea coast; the job to be done is generally land reclamation, that is, either actually winning back land from the sea or draining a piece of waste land and preparing it for settlers, and I found it at first a bit puzzling why my guides assured me at frequent intervals that these labour camps were the central point of Nazi policy.

Indeed, my first impressions were by no means reassuring. The men are all in uniform, and march to and from their work: the officers are mostly army officers of the pre-War type. For English taste it all savours too much of the barracks. In the morning six hours' manual labour, then a march back to the barracks followed by washing and lunch. After lunch two hours' rest in bed with no talking, then gymnastics or football. In the evening free time or more often organised free time. And besides all this the men have six hours' political instruction during the week.

The organisation of the whole thing is extremely efficient; the food, though simple, is probably far better than most of the workers had eaten for years, the dormitories crowded, but spotlessly clean and airy. And there is no question that in the camps I saw the men were happy and extremely fit. Any unemployed man under 35 can go to a labour camp for one year, and then he receives a special pass which enables him to get a job more easily. Every single student (man or woman) must put in six months at a camp before going to the university unless he or she can get medical exemption. And the students I met were just as enthusiastic as the unemployed. As for the severity of the discipline, I think one small incident will best illustrate the workers' attitude. I happened one evening to go to bed early, and as I was undressing eight or nine of them drifted into my room. I couldn't think what they wanted till I saw them eyeing my cigarettes, and then I realised that when your pay is roughly two bob a week cigarettes become a luxury worth begging. Well, the cigarettes made them talk, and I asked one about the discipline. He said he had lost his five days' Easter holiday for coming in one night an hour late. But when I commiserated with him he became quite indignant and said, 'No; it was perfectly fair; we knew we should be punished if we did it; that's the new Germany'. He was a fine looking man of 30 and told me he had been on the roads for two years before the revolution. There is no doubt he was

satisfied. Whether you think a man *should* be taught to be satisfied with such a life is quite a different matter. My feeling is that such men are in danger of losing all independence of judgment and that the political instruction they get does not diminish this danger.

And what about the students? Their enthusiasm is entirely different from that of the worker. To understand it you must go back to the years immediately after the War. In the first days of starvation and disillusion, there broke out a spontaneous chaotic revolt of youth against the system, the ways of thought, the morals—everything, in fact, associated with the War and the pre-War period. This was the so-called youth movement, and one of its strongest motives was the revolt

against the city, the factory, the office, the stiff collar—in fact against capital. Back to nature and the land was the cry, and hundreds of young men and women discovered a mystical exaltation in wielding a pick or shovel. Later on, in the worst days of the slump, when thousands of students lined up with the worker to receive the dole, voluntary labour camps grew up, where townspeople tried to regain the quiet rhythm of life which you lose in the helter-skelter of the city.

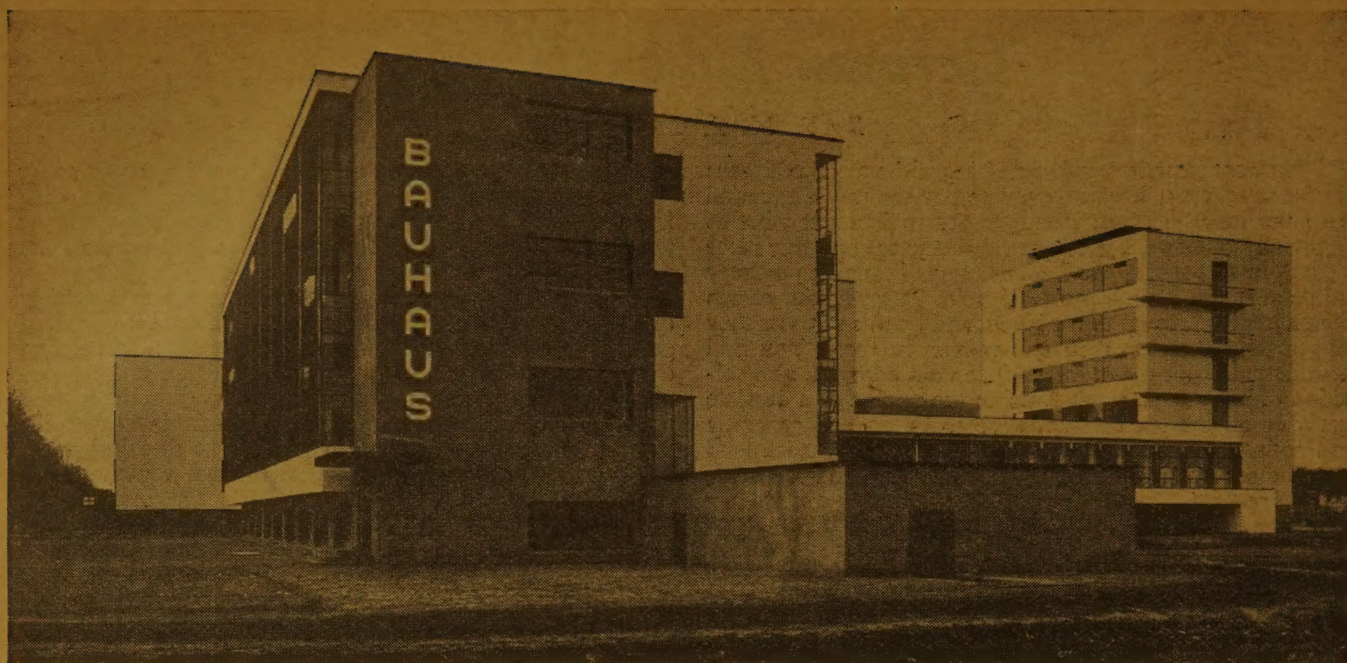


Student with a scythe

Nordmark-Foto, Hamburg

The spirit of the youth movement still inspires many of the young officers in the labour camps and fills many students with the belief that they are there digging the foundation of a new German socialism, not of the town and the machine but of the fields and of the spade. For such workers the labour camps are, indeed, the centre of all Nazi endeavour. But one astounding contradiction remains. The revolt of youth has been drilled and disciplined into a conscript army, and yet I have not met a single young German who did not assure me that Germany has had enough of war—and civil war as well—and wants only order, peace and a decent livelihood. The youth of Germany, they maintain, are soldiers in the army of peace, which is to cure the evils of capitalism and bring the unemployed of all classes back to the simple Prussian way of life, and to create a new Germany of healthy countrymen.

But the revolution has not brought unity; it has only intensified the struggle between reaction and progress by unifying the forces on either side. There is a grim battle being fought in Germany today—but it is taking place behind the scenes. You will find little trace of it in the Press, on the political platform or even in the pulpit. But in the labour camp, the university, and the factory—within the Nazi party itself—it is plain enough for those who have eyes to see. And the issue does not depend on Germany alone. Will the youth of Germany remain an army of peace, intent on solving its own domestic problems, or will it turn in desperation to the old leaders against whom it rebelled, against whom it is still struggling? The answer to that question depends to a very great extent upon the other peoples of Europe, and not least of all upon us.



The *Bauhaus*, Dessau—Professor Gropius' most famous building: an entirely new kind of technical school, where the technical processes of every kind of building are taught, simultaneously with instruction in the general principles of design

Architecture

Rehousing in Big Cities—Outwards or Upwards?

By Professor WALTER GROPIUS

An exhibition of the life-work of Professor Gropius—who may be considered the real founder of Functional Architecture, and who is one of its most active exponents—is at present on view (till May 25) at the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 9 Conduit Street, W. 1. Editorial comment will be found on page 819

THE technical experts of all nations, and more especially England, are preoccupied with the question: *what is the proper form of rehousing for the densely-populated working-class districts of our large cities?* Their opinions as to whether rebuilding should be lateral or vertical are still very contradictory. Yet all would agree that under modern conditions housing depends predominantly on transport. In consequence the town-planner's task should be, not to multiply means of locomotion, but to try to make them largely superfluous. Now it is in the natural order of things that housing based on groups of small separate units tends to spread further and further afield. That is to say, it eats up more and more land. In dormitory areas with a high density of population, where the sites are of potential value to the community for other purposes, small houses are clearly uneconomic; and can therefore offer no satisfactory solution. Here vertical expansion is the logical expedient, and one which, when properly handled, provides dwellings that are entirely satisfactory from both a hygienic and technical point of view. In their philanthropic campaign against the old working-class tenements—the *Mietskasernen*, or Rack-Renters' Barracks, as we call them in Germany—housing reformers have been apt to forget that the hideous and degrading conditions prevailing in them are due, not to their multi-floored structural nature, but to bad design and planning; and above all to a state of the law which allowed working-class housing to be handed over to speculative builders without adequate safeguards.

The tenement block has fallen into ill-odour because few advantages could be claimed for it in its original stereotyped 3-5 storied form. The interval between the separate blocks was generally far too narrow, and the incidence of isolation allowed for wholly insufficient; while in so far as intermediate gardens were provided at all they were altogether inadequate. If, on the other hand, what more enlightened legislation has since fixed as the maximum number of separate dwellings to the acre be concentrated in widely-spaced 10-12 instead of huddled 3-5 storied buildings, a 'green town' at once becomes a practical possibility. Projects for blocks of this height are rarely put forward because the public interprets any such proposals as a direct threat of the horrors of 'Americanisation',

and invariably associates the term 'skyscraper' with streets in perpetual shadow, dungeon-like lower-floor rooms, and a total absence of vegetation.

Yet, in point of fact, the skyscraper makes it possible to rebuild our cities as green and pleasant places. When conscientiously planned with broad stretches of verdure between them, skyscraper dwellings can satisfy all reasonable requirements in regard to light, air, tranquillity, and rapid egress: besides offering their inhabitants innumerable other advantages. In 10-12 storied flats of this kind the ground-floor tenants are assured of the same uninterrupted view of the sky as those on the top storey. Instead of their windows looking on to blank walls, or into narrow wells or corridors, as in the old 3-4 storied tenements, they command an open park-like expanse of grass and trees, a hundred yards in breadth, which provides playgrounds for the children and helps to purify the air. By this means nature is able to reassert herself in the very heart of the city; and if the flat roofs of these buildings are transformed into gardens as well, the city-dweller will regain the same area of greenery up above as has been displaced by bricks and mortar below. Roof gardens that are real gardens, and not just bare expanses of cement or asphalt, should be far more generally provided and systematically cultivated than has hitherto usually been the case; for even in northern climates their technical difficulties may be considered as now definitely surmounted. These terraces offer the tenement-dweller the choice of a sunny or shady seat, immediately above his own home and directly accessible from it by lift, where he can enjoy a wide prospect, remote from the noise of the streets.

In lofty and airy tenements of this kind every trace of the horrors associated with an only too familiar type of working-class flats disappears; and instead of living imprisoned in their midst, the tenant finds he has received the freedom of a green city where contact with nature is a daily event instead of an occasional Sunday excursion. Thanks to their organised services—central heating and hot water supply; communal laundries, kitchens, cold-storage and lifts; rubbish-shoots, vacuum cleaning, and conditioned air—large multi-storied buildings are able to spare their individual occupants many disagreeable and laborious forms of housework from which there is no



A worm's-eye view of the balconies of the hostel wing of the *Bauhaus*

Photograph: Moholy-Nagy

escape in small houses. It is also much easier to provide club-rooms, playgrounds, and kindergartens in these big blocks since the cost is divided among a far greater number of people.

It should not be forgotten that the object of all these conveniences is to enable the time they save to be turned to good account for more important things, and that superior amenities are intended

to help to transform lower forms of existence into a wider and ampler life. Our new dwellings should be designed to help to bring humanity into its own again. They must be planned to satisfy physical needs which the turmoil of the present age has made radically different from those of previous generations; and to make possible a more natural and unconstrained manner of life through healthier surroundings and an uncrowded and unvitiated environment.

Flats of this type require the very best planning. The hallmark of a good plan is a clear separation of the living quarters from the bedrooms and kitchen; easy and rapid communication floor by floor within the building; and an orientation that ensures plenty of sunshine for every single room of each separate dwelling. Where rigid economy in construction is necessary, any of the rooms except the living-room may be reduced in size, without prejudice to their habitability, in order to augment the general standard of comfort.

The chronic difficulty of the servant problem and the increase in the number of married women who go out to work are the factors that dictate the shape and disposition of the various rooms. Since housewives have to do so much more them-

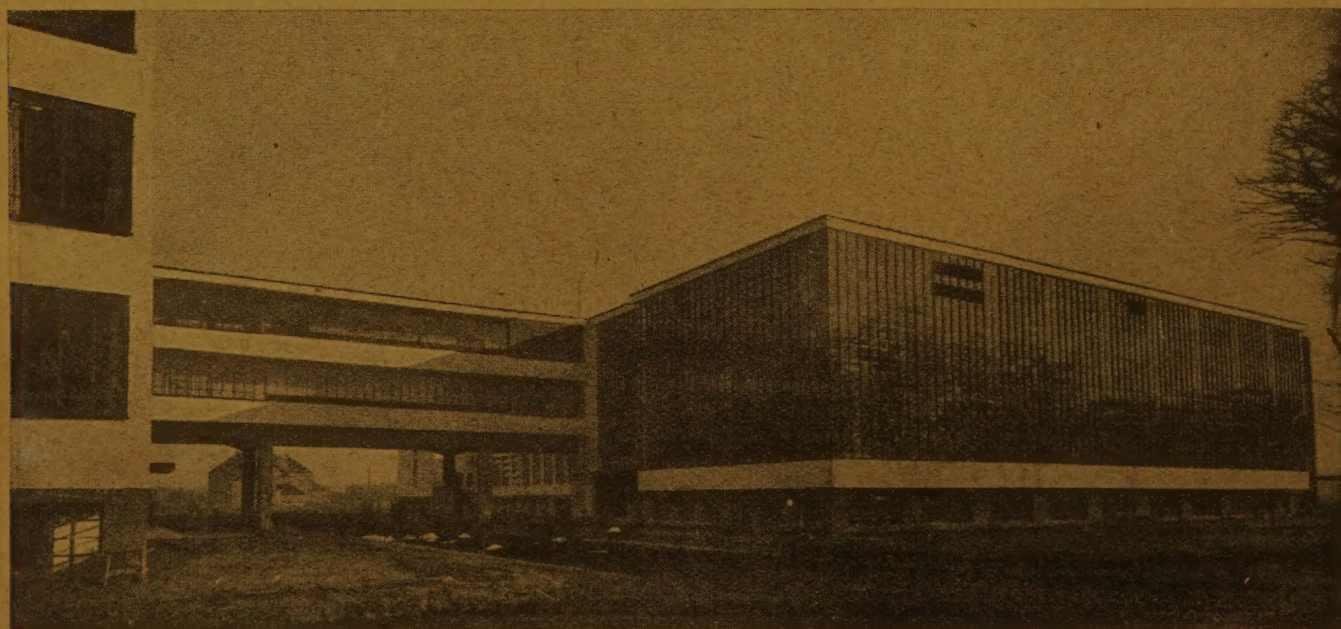


Design by Professor Gropius for ten-storied working-class flats, in parallel lines with ample garden space in between. The blocks face east and west, every room has an equal amount of light and air, and none looks north

selves than formerly, they will be quick to appreciate a technical organisation of domestic life which economises the energy that has now to be spent on household work instead of the care of their children, and allows them more time for the enjoyment of family life. It is true that the creation of efficient and well-oiled machinery to perform the more menial and trivial tasks of

daily life is not an end in itself. But it at least provides the requisite governing conditions and a point of departure for the maximum personal freedom and independence. That standardisation of the practical details of household routine on which the planning of the new kind of tenement flats is based does not postulate a monotonous servitude or robot-like mechanisation on the part of individual tenants. On the contrary, it frees their life from much unnecessary, but hitherto inevitable drudgery, and so allows it to develop more fully in other and more fruitful directions.

The lofty flats of the near future offering all these possibilities, and many more besides, will have nothing in common with that unhappy hybrid of the barracks and the miner's cottage, the bad old tenement block with its musty gloom, and cabined confinement. They will combine the proverbial peacefulness of home within doors and vegetation immediately without, with a maximum of light and air and a minimum expenditure of time in getting about and housekeeping. And above and beyond all this they will give the townsman the stimulus of a type of dwelling appropriate to, because directly evolved from, his own urban manner of life.



The Bauhaus workshops, which have continuous plate-glass walls uninterrupted by floor divisions. The double-tiered bridge connects them with the hostel and class-room wings

*Current Musical Topics—XI**As to English Artists at Covent Garden*

By FRANCIS TOYE

AS nearly always happens during the International Season of Opera at Covent Garden some infuriated patriot has written to the papers complaining that British artists are not well enough represented in the casts. Follows the usual list of names of British singers, good, less good and even indifferent, who, in the writer's opinion, should be heard in leading roles; and so on.

Now it seems to me high time that the curtain was rung down on this annual comedy; and, as a person who during his entire musical life has fought for the recognition of Opera in English and of the real merits of certain British artists who sing or have sung in it, I have a feeling that perhaps the ringing down is my job.

There is a certain amount of confused thinking on the subject as a whole. First, Covent Garden is not, and never has been, a National Opera House. It started life as the Royal Italian Opera and, though the tendency may not commend itself to all of us, it shows signs of becoming the Royal German Opera. In any case it remains by tradition and in accordance with the wishes of the vast majority of its patrons, an International Opera, with the standard of prices and performances demanded by International Opera alike in London, New York and Buenos Aires. Covent Garden possesses not one whiff of the national flavour associated with the great Opera Houses of Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Milan or Paris. It may be desirable that eventually it should, but for the present it has not, and in the past it never has had.

If people pay as much as £2 for their seats on the implied understanding that they are to hear the best artists available for the interpretation of French, German or Italian Opera, they will not be satisfied at hearing an English singer in a French, German or Italian role unless that English singer happens to enjoy, like Melba, unquestionable international primacy. Let me make this point quite clear. An English artist of this calibre must be one who is accepted by the French, German or Italian publics as being an exceptionally satisfactory exponent of operas in their respective vernaculars. It is true that this criterion did not altogether apply to Melba, and even less to Kirkby Lunn, both of whom won great favour at Covent Garden in the old days; but, quite apart from any question of their supreme merits, these ladies enjoyed special advantages. Speaking generally, the above criterion is the only one applicable.

Now of all the possible British artists who might sing leading roles at Covent Garden, how many are there who could be said to satisfy it? One; possibly two, both of whom have already in fact sung at Covent Garden in the past, in one instance with fair, in the other with only moderate, success. I am quite prepared to admit that there does exist among Covent Garden audiences a certain element of snobbery. I fear that, given an English and a foreign artist of equal merits, the average member of the Covent Garden audience would think the foreigner superior. That is one of the penalties we must inevitably pay for our patronage of Opera in an exotic form. Nevertheless, from an artistic point of view the advantages of International Opera, as distinct from Opera given in the vernacular, are undeniable. This is not a popular point of view but most people in their hearts know that it is true. It was what Debussy had in mind when he instanced Covent Garden as being one of the institutions that proved Anglo-Saxon superiority.

Now we come to the second point. Is there any reason in the world why England should expect her operatic artists to be able to compete with the best operatic artists of Continental countries? A few, a very few, are in fact really good, and practically all of these have acquired their training and experience in foreign theatres—a procedure, which, owing to the ever increasing nationalism of the times, is becoming more difficult every year. The operatic artist who has to rely on the British

Empire for his or her training, is hopelessly handicapped from the beginning. I think it is amazing in the circumstances how far some of them have gone, and it does them very great credit. To begin with there can scarcely be said to be any regular employment outside Sadler's Wells and the Carl Rosa. There is absolutely no 'school' in the sense that there exists a 'school' in Germany; nowhere in England can you find anything to compare with the well-nigh hereditary knowledge, for instance, of an Italian audience, which knows every detail of the operas as well as do the singers themselves, and is only too ready to pull them up if they are unsatisfactory. In short, operatic atmosphere simply does not exist in England. Every singer who has attempted an operatic career in this country knows this to be true. I repeat again, our singers have in fact done far better than we have any right to expect from the conditions under which they work. It is not so much they as their friends and relations who complain of their exclusion from leading roles at Covent Garden; they are far too familiar with the real facts.

The long and short of the whole matter is that the patriots who write to the newspapers are on the wrong tack altogether. Let them leave International Opera alone and bend their energies to the creation of a really good English Opera, which will in time enable English artists to compete on equal terms with their foreign colleagues. If we had a real English Opera most of the minor roles at Covent Garden could almost immediately be filled by English singers, the best of whom might eventually qualify as Wotans, Siegfrieds, Brünnhildes, Otellos, Aïdas and Carmens of international calibre.

But do our patriots show any practical evidence of their enthusiasm? Let the response to Sir Thomas Beecham's League of Opera in the past, or the financial difficulties of Sadler's Wells in the present, provide the answer! They have done nothing, and, till they do, they are not entitled to be taken seriously. Not even so seriously as the average patron of International Opera at Covent Garden who is at least enthusiastic enough to pay considerable sums of money to ensure the kind of entertainment he wants.

I know that the affairs of the League of Opera are in a tangle, but there would have been no need for that tangle to come about if the public had responded to Sir Thomas's first appeal with anything like the alacrity he had a right to expect. Moreover, leaving the League of Opera out of account altogether, there is always Sadler's Wells. It is already one of the best popular Operas in the world, and it might develop into an ideal nursery for Opera in English if there were sufficient money available to reorganise the musical direction and thus enable the singers to receive a thorough, instead of a sporadic, training. A few thousand pounds would be sufficient. Where are they?

I am afraid that the real trouble is our well-known national dislike of facing facts, to say nothing of a reluctance to begin at the beginning. All this nonsense (because it is nonsense) about British operatic artists being as good as foreigners is evidence of the first, just as the inadequate response to appeal to funds for Sadler's Wells and the League of Opera is evidence of the second. In the ultimate resort it is the ignorance of the public which is at fault: that ignorance which leads people to imagine that it is possible for an artist to make the best of his potentialities without the requisite experience, the requisite training and the requisite atmosphere, the provision of which entails money and skill and knowledge. There are no short cuts in the arts; there is no possibility of getting ninenpence for fourpence, that blessed principle with which in politics Mr. Lloyd George has so successfully demoralised the British public. Though they do not know it, that is what the people who complain about the lack of British artists at Covent Garden expect. Except that they do not even provide the fourpence!



The Listener

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Culture Emergent

IN an interesting article in the current number of *Life and Letters* Mr. G. M. Young has called us to a comparison of contemporary culture with that of the mid-Victorian period. The facts, he says, are to be found in any volume of *The Athenæum*, for any year between 1850 and 1880, and those facts bear out his main contention that the Victorians possessed, what we do not possess, 'a unitary culture'. What is naturally of interest to us is the suggestion, which Mr. Young makes, that THE LISTENER may stand in relation to contemporary culture, as *The Athenæum* stood towards Victorian culture. Certainly a comparison of the functions of a review in our own time, with those of a weighty arbiter like *The Athenæum*, reveal the immense differences in our respective cultures. *The Athenæum* devoted itself to keeping its readers abreast of the discoveries and intellectual achievements of its time. On an average at least two-thirds of its pages were devoted to the reviewing of books. As the reviews were unsigned and their judgments usually very decided, the impression of an impersonal cultural arbiter at work is somewhat overpowering. Right and left the critical chopper descended until gradually each new discovery in science, each new work of literature, each new painting in a London gallery, was ready to be absorbed into the living body of Victorian culture. Its function as a guardian of a unitary culture was simplified by its readers' possession of, what Mr. Young aptly calls, 'a common framework of reference'. There was a common delight in literary style and distinction, a common belief and confidence in Church and State, a common sympathy with the Græco-Roman tradition of thought. Victorian culture was thus a characteristic style of life, a range of interests and critical standards, which it was desirable to lay hold of and possess. Gradually, however, a tendency to specialisation sprang up. Burne-Jones in painting, Browning in poetry, Clerk-Maxwell in physics, Maitland and Haverfield in history began to demand special comprehension in their respective spheres. Aided by this tendency, and by the growth of the popular press, the unitary culture of the Victorians split and at the same time there arose the necessity of an imaginative readjustment to a new mechanical and social environment. That situation still faces us.

The first difference that we notice is a necessary eclecticism. In place of the downright judgments that went with a cultural exclusiveness, we need information about

our rapidly changing environment. We need look-outs at the outposts of intellectual discovery to transmit news of new advances. First and last our most formidable problem is caused by increasing specialisation. *The Athenæum* was able to assume an intelligent middle opinion, capable of absorbing something from every direction. It had, as Mr. Young points out, 'little or no use for books which only trained critics could get through'. Today the person who has prepared himself to grapple with modern science or economics, may find himself totally unable to grapple with modern poetry or painting. While there is no sense in which the poet or painter is superior or inferior to the man of science, misunderstandings are likely to arise between them, because they have no common ground on which to meet and to exchange their views. Here then is surely a definite responsibility for reviews such as THE LISTENER. They can attempt 'to gather up once more the specialisms into which Victorian culture split'. One difference, though, must be noted between *The Athenæum* and any review of today that tries to perform a similar function. The former had a consistent literary style from first page to last; the style of the latter tends to vary in accordance with the amount of knowledge of that particular subject assumed in the reader. Thus the same issue of THE LISTENER may contain an elementary explanation of the latest development in atomic physics, and a closely-reasoned essay on some aspect of poetry, because more of its readers are assumed to have an exact knowledge about literature than about science. Further, there has been a movement away from the deliberate periods of the old journalism towards a more conversational style. In our case, this is largely due to most of the contributions being originally written for broadcasting; and it may indeed be possible that the increased prestige which broadcasting has given the spoken word is making for this more conversational style in journalism.

But the essential difference between the attitude of our age and that of the Victorian to culture, is seen in our approach to it. We are attempting a synthesis of the culture of many times and many places. Because they do not fit into an inherited conception of culture, we do not, for example, exclude negro sculpture or the rhythms of Stravinsky's music. We feel bound to attempt a synthesis into which they do appear to fit. This is one of the reasons for the difficulties of modern art, whose works, as one modern artist, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, has suggested, may one day come to be regarded as the primitives of a world art and tradition. And it is this attitude of an age which determines the lines along which a review such as THE LISTENER can usefully operate. It can attempt, at the varying levels of difficulty which the subjects demand, to provide the necessary means whereby the desire for knowledge can keep pace with the expansion of its boundaries in all directions.

Week by Week

STRICTLY speaking, the composer who writes only for the stage is more characteristic of the Latin than the Teutonic countries. From Mozart to Richard Strauss most German composers have been disposed to take all music as their province. But Wagner, whose cantata 'The Love-Feast of the Apostles' is being broadcast on the day appropriate to it, Whit Sunday, is a striking exception. His entire creative career can be summed up in the operas and music-dramas from 'Rienzi' to 'Parsifal' with the possible addition of the 'Faust' Overture. Apart from the overtures and symphonies of his nonage practically all that he wrote that was not destined for the stage consisted of pot-boilers (especially in the Paris period), *pièces d'occasion* and musical compliments to his friends. The five songs to words by Mathilde Wesendonck were studies for 'Tristan and Isolde,' the exquisite 'Siegfried Idyll' is composed of material from the music-drama of that name. In short, whatever he has bequeathed of a non-operatic nature was due, not to the un-

quenchable furnace that burned within him, but to some external opportunity or some pressure from without. Thus it is with his choral works, of which his 'Love-Feast' is one. In April, 1842, he travelled to Dresden, where the performance of 'Rienzi' on October 20 brought him fame. It was followed, on January 2, 1843, by another successful production, that of 'The Flying Dutchman'. He was then a celebrity, and the *Liedertafel*, a choral society founded four years earlier, honoured itself by making him its conductor, forestalling by about a month the greater distinction that awaited him: the appointment as *Hofkapellmeister*. He thus found himself with an excellent male-voice choir at his disposal, which to a composer of his active temperament was an incentive to write. A choral festival of similar societies was planned to take place in the summer. Notwithstanding his heavy work at the theatre, Wagner dashed off this composition between May 14 and June 16 and it was performed at the Frauenkirche on July 6, 1843. It was followed by a few other choral works, none of which would have been written but for the opportunity offered by the *Liedertafel*. The cantata, usually known in England as 'The Holy Supper of the Apostles', does not add to Wagner's stature in the eyes of those who know him as the creator of modern music-drama, but no work by such a man as he can fail to be of interest. Past criticism of it ran to extremes. One contemporary writer warned good German singers against performing it. Some years later an enthusiast compared the *a cappella* portions to Palestrina, which did more credit to his heart than his head. The truth lies somewhere between, according to the individual listener's temperament.

* * *

The International Exhibition of Educational Films, shown last week at the Polytechnic Theatre under the auspices of the British Film Institute, showed that gradual progress is being made in the evolution of the technique of the individual film. The 'interest' film still largely holds the field, and still largely draws its inspiration from descriptions of nature, scenery and industrial operations. It would be hard to improve upon such films as 'Seabirds' (Germany), or 'Brock the Badger' (England: 'Secrets of Nature'), as means for the improvement of the educational background of children. Then there is a class of film illustrated at this exhibition by 'Cable Ships' (England) and 'Pontine Marshes' (Italy), which arises through the desire of modern Governments to make known their achievements to their citizens young and old. The propagandist element is present, but so far in subordination to the artistic and educational elements. America supplied to this exhibition a couple of interesting experiments, one a short survey of transportation, making effective use of the moving map, the other a synthesis of town life in New York called 'Manhattan Medley', which might convey to a child or grown-up an idea of life in an American city and of the outlook which such life must create, better than many terms of historical and geographical book-learning. The programme also included two short lessons in French pronunciation, in which M. Stéphan once more demonstrated his talents as a film actor as well as teacher of phonetics; and, finally, several French 'three-minute films', in which by the use of moving diagrams and maps a simple treatment of problems of the day, particularly in international affairs, was presented. Certain very obvious faults are noticeable in many of these educational films. The spoken commentary is often as badly composed as the photography is well composed. The appalling journalese which is sometimes used must, unless eliminated from educational films, tend to corrupt the style of those who hear it. Film commentators, particularly American, always prefer to 'wend their way' or 'rush' instead of 'go'. Mountains are always 'mighty' and forests 'impene-trable', the sea is always spoken of as 'the boundless ocean', and so forth. We miss also any attempt to present ideas as apart from objects. The educational film has not yet reached the stage of presenting assessments of the values of the life which it so skilfully paints. It would, however, be ungracious not to realise that progress is being made even in this direction, as an exhibition of this sort shows.

* * *

The exhibition of the work of Professor Walter Gropius now on view at the R.I.B.A., 9, Conduit Street, is not only a tribute to a great contemporary architect, but also a sort of pictorial exposition of functional architecture. With some so-called functional architects—e.g. Le Corbusier—one has the uneasy feeling that the aesthetic was evolved first and the construction

second. It is all the other way with Professor Gropius. Here, one feels, is an architect who sets about each new building as he would set about solving a mathematical problem. He marshals all the relevant facts—the purpose of the building, the capabilities of the materials used, all the latest technical inventions and discoveries—and by consideration of these works logically, every step tested by reason, towards a conclusion that seems inevitable. And, we may add, that often has the grandeur of inevitability. These actual mental processes can be almost exactly traced in some of the exhibits: for instance, the plans for a House for Old People at Cassel, and for a series of houses 'built up on the system of a box of bricks', show the architect playing, as it were, with the units of construction and arranging them in every possible combination until he arrives at the one satisfactory to his particular purpose. This same spirit is, too, clearly shown in the plans and model-photographs of the 'Total Theatre' (1927), where the building has been made adaptable to every conceivable dramatic purpose—straight play, opera, ballet, pageant, film—chiefly by means of a highly ingenious stage that can face the audience or be encircled by it, be expanded or diminished. The famous *Bauhaus*—of which we show some views in the article which Professor Gropius has written for this issue—naturally dominates the exhibition. It is an entirely new kind of technical school, where instruction in every kind of building process is given side by side with instruction in design: and thus in function as well as in construction, it is the culmination of all the architect has worked for. It is interesting to turn from it to the first building exhibited here, the 'Fagus' boot-tree factory (1911) and see there the germ of everything later developed in the *Bauhaus*—the fullest use of the new building materials, concrete, steel and glass; the frank acceptance of such things as factory chimneys and vents into the architectural scheme; and the absence of any purely architectural feature not dictated by the function of the building. Among the reasons that have made Professor Gropius such a sound influence on contemporary architecture must be counted this total lack of personal mannerism, so that he can never be unintelligently copied by the second-rate; and the strong social sense that has made him concentrate on all these buildings—factories, employment exchanges, almshouses, offices, working-class flats—which affect the many, rather than on luxury houses (there is not one shown here) which affect the few.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: We are all very much agitated just now by the apparent increase of serious crime in our midst. The 1933 report of the Prisons Department informs us that crimes against the person were considerably more numerous during that year as compared with the one before it, while the number of indictments for housebreaking was the largest since the returns were first classified 37 years ago. At one stage a large prison in the neighbourhood of Greenock overflowed as a result of sectarian troubles in that district. All this, moreover, comes on the top of a singularly grim sitting of the High Court in Glasgow, during which a variegated collection of 'gangsters' were tried on various charges and sentenced for crimes such as rioting and assault, with murder as an element in one of the cases. All our amateur reformers are now out in full strength to tell us what should be done about it. A highly vocal majority is all for liberal doses of the cat. Others, less given to hiding their heads in the sands, put it all down to unemployment and bad housing conditions. Probably the balance of truth tips to the side of the latter group. But anybody who attended these 'gangster' trials, as your correspondent did, must have been struck by certain peculiar elements of the cases. The prisoners in all the courts were rather well-dressed. None bore the stigmata of under-nourishment. If they were not precisely the fine flowers of the country's intelligence, they were not of the stupid and manifestly brutal order. The impression, indeed, was of lads with a twist, and all the evidence went to prove the existence of a lamentably extensive faith in mere violence as the solution of all life's little difficulties. That may indeed be the product of the desperation that is itself the product of chaotic economic circumstance, but no observer of these scenes could escape the horrible conviction that the cases marked an apparently extensive breakdown of the civilised sanctions. The cat may be the law's best retort, but it does not appear to be an adequate solution of a problem that is not confined to the slums of Glasgow, if we are to judge by the trend of international politics.

The Week Abroad

Austria in Transition

By STEPHEN HEALD

Broadcast from Vienna on May 10

SITTING under the trees in the woodland part of Schönbrunn on Sunday I found myself asking my neighbour, what he thought of the situation. 'Austria', he said, 'is a land of contrasts. There are, for example, the agrarian provinces and, on the other hand, industrial Vienna, to which, of course, must be added such other towns as Linz, Gras, Wiener-Neustadt and St. Poesten. Then there is the religious contrast between the strongly Roman Catholic countryside from which the Chancellor himself comes, and Vienna just as strongly anti-clerical; and finally, there is the political conflict between the Conservative Catholic elements, whose strength was in the former Christian Socialist party and is now to be found in the Chancellor's patriotic front, and the Heimwehr, the political group which stands between those elements and the Socialists, whose power is concentrated in Vienna. It is a perpetual struggle between these, and sooner or later a trial of strength ought to come between these two contradictory and opposing forces. The serious riots of July, 1927, were a warning of what was to come. The fighting of last February was the latest, perhaps, even the final, chapter in the story. The Socialists were in a cleft stick. They had to choose between the Nazis and the Fascist Heimwehr in Austria. They might at one time have made a stand, in March, 1933, when parliamentary government was abandoned, but the Nazi menace was too great at the time, and nothing was to be gained by success except, perhaps, the possibility of foreign intervention (always a dangerous thing) for the defence of social democracy against the Nazis. But the time went by, the Nazi danger increased, and step by step the Socialists retreated from their position, while their Fascist opponents increased in power and stature'. 'Why did they fight in February?' I asked. 'By February', was the invariable reply to my question, 'the Socialists had their backs to the wall, and their stronghold, the Municipality of Vienna, was threatened. The Nazi menace was forgotten; it was now or never. They had to fight or give up without a struggle'. On several occasions I have heard the opinion expressed that the Socialist leaders would, perhaps, have been better advised to surrender at once: the odds against them were quite overwhelming. The fight might have been prolonged, but could never have been successful except in exceptional circumstances, and with outside assistance. But the Socialist leaders were doctrinaire in their views: they had always said that they would fight when the Municipality was threatened. And so it was. Against artillery, resistance was useless. Perhaps courage of a different sort—courage in facing grim facts—would have been a less costly quality, and the results of defeat might have been less severe.

In official circles an entirely different view is taken. Parliamentary government had been rendered impossible by Socialist obstruction. There could be no return to a Parliament without constitutional reform; Vienna must not be allowed to dominate the country—to be a State within a State. In the eyes of the Heimwehr—Prince Stahremberg's defence force—the Socialists are Communists. They would probably be regarded as such by certain sections of opinion in England, but it would be as great a mistake to think of the Socialists of Vienna as Bolsheviks, as to confuse them, on the other hand, with the type of Socialist which we know in England. Actually they stand midway between the two. Though crushed and, at present, leaderless, the Socialists remain a powerful and latent force in Vienna. Certain of the younger and unemployed among them have gone over to the Nazis as a result of the

February quarrels, but not as many as the Nazis expected, or hoped.

The number of political prisoners has, as far as I could gather, decreased. According to the information available it seems that more than half of the cases awaiting trial in connection with the February disturbances have now been dealt with, with the infliction of fairly short sentences. This does not include those arrested as ringleaders in February and severely dealt with by summary proceedings at that time. It is difficult to obtain reliable accounts of the numbers of those still detained in camps or prisons, but as far as I can make out there must be, perhaps, between two thousand and three thousand still in custody. The conditions in the camps are generally good as things go. According to reports in the Press, and in answer to enquiries which are made, it looks as though the promise of an amnesty made at the time to those who surrendered immediately, will shortly be fulfilled at last. The Courts have been directed to recommend all minor cases, after due consideration of all the facts, for a pardon by the Federal President.

You will perhaps expect me to say something of the new constitution which came into operation on May 1. The present Federal Chamber has been divided into four, in which the professions and vocations are represented: it is a very complicated affair, but little interest seems to be taken in it generally and people are prepared to wait and see. In any case, people say, it cannot be brought into force with all its provisions at once, and the regime is, therefore, to some extent, a transitory one. Three points of importance, however, emerge. First, that very wide powers, almost absolute powers, are concentrated in the hands of the Chancellor and the President of the Federal State of Austria—for the word 'republic' has been dropped. Secondly, the City of Vienna has now ceased to be a province with independent powers of government, but will, in future, be administered directly by the government. Finally, the concordat between the Vatican and Austria, signed last June, has, in fact, been written into the constitution.

Henceforth, it will be difficult to overestimate the influence of the Roman Catholic Church with its control over education. The psychological support which it will afford to the present government will be tremendous, and will, it is thought, go far to counteract the fact that the government does not (at present, at least) represent more than a minority in the country. It is only fair to add that the majority, on the other hand, is not a well-united one, and a certain half of it largely apathetic; but to speak of minority government is not to say that the government is not strong. The general impression I gathered from my many conversations was that only two things could destroy it: one, civil war, and the other, internal dissension between its leaders. As far as civil war goes, the Nazis appear to be no less strong and to be biding their time. There is a lull at the moment: it may be the lull before the storm. That is the general feeling. With regard to the other point, there are at present no apparent dissensions within the government, which Prince Stahremberg has just joined as Vice-Chancellor. Herr Dollfuss is firmly seated in the saddle.

But everyone with whom I spoke was insistent that it was in the economic situation that the key to the future lay. Where there is unemployment and economic distress, there will the Nazis find support. Remove this distress and bring back only a glimpse of prosperity, and the danger begins to pass. Forty per cent. of the area of Austria—that is to say, broadly speaking, the western provinces—is forest land; some outlet must be found for the exports of timber and cellulose. Germany used to be the principal market for those exports, but

that market is practically closed now. Another source of income from Germany, the tourist traffic, has failed also—checked by the entirely prohibitive cost of the visa imposed by the German government. Foreign tourists are certainly discovering the beauties of Austria, but their numbers must increase many times before the deficit can be covered.

The economic situation, people told me, showed some signs of improvement: there were hopes now where before there was only despair. The unemployment and foreign trade figures were a little better. Things were clearly on the turn. It is hoped, but not too optimistically, that the negotiations pro-

ceeding in Rome between Austria, Hungary and Italy will yield good results. Trade between the three countries is already better. France and Italy are importing more Austrian timber, but the progress made, it is recognised, is comparatively limited, and it is not clear whether the preferences granted to Austria can be maintained over a long period. On all sides the hope is expressed that perhaps England could help a bit, too. There is certainly a market waiting for British motor-cars, especially the cheaper ones, textiles and coal, but—here is the difficulty—in exchange for Austrian timber, cellulose, porcelain, leather goods, bags and gloves and so on.



In a Vienna backwater

Photograph: Edith Tudor-Hart

*The Treaty of Versailles and After—VI**Birth of the League of Nations*

By Professor ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

IN the list of the talks that I have been giving in this series, I suggested that the most illuminating way of looking at the terms of the Peace Treaties was to arrange them in the order of the length of time that they seem likely to last. You may, therefore, be surprised that I have kept the League till the end. Doesn't one hear it being said, nowadays, that the League is on its death-bed? The United States and Russia have never joined it; Japan, and now Germany as well, has given notice that she intends to withdraw from it; the Disarmament Conference looks like breaking down. And in almost every country the people as well as the Government seem to be becoming more nationalistic: more determined to play for their own hand, and less willing to co-operate with other countries in trying to run the world as a family of nations.

Most of this may be true. And yet I do still believe that the Covenant of the League is likely to outlast the rest of the Peace Settlement. It is true that there are many powerful forces working against the Covenant; but most of these are forces that belong to the past and that have drawn their strength from social conditions that now no longer exist. On the other hand, the Covenant looks towards the future. It is a real attempt to solve the new problems which the War has brought to the front. These new problems are already the most important of any that we have to deal with; and I believe their importance will increase as time goes on. Now, here is a tremendous force working in the Covenant's favour. The Allied statesmen at Paris had one great flash of insight and foresight; and the Covenant of the League of Nations is the result of it. The Covenant is the one great forward-looking chapter in a set of Peace Treaties which were mostly made by people who had their minds fixed on the past.

President Wilson's Achievement at Paris

The writing of the Covenant into the four European Peace Treaties was the work of President Wilson more than any other one man; and it was his one big success at the Peace Conference. On point after point the President was lamentably outwitted or defeated at Paris, as you know, by his French and English and Italian colleagues. But he did succeed in getting the Covenant accepted and in getting it put into each of the Treaties. In each of them the Covenant stands as the first chapter, and its articles as the first twenty-six articles, of the Treaty. The President insisted on that because he thought that the victorious Powers would shrink from throwing the Covenant over if it was bound up in the same Treaty with their territorial gains and their Reparations. And in this he has proved right. On the other hand, just because the Covenant is bound up in the Peace Treaties with these other things, it is in bad company from the point of view of the defeated countries. And this is one of the reasons why the Germans have never been enthusiastic about the League. They have been rather ready to interpret the Covenant as a cunning arrangement of the Allies for clinching the other parts of the Versailles Treaty and holding Germany down. Of course this is a wrong-headed and short-sighted view. But the linking of the Covenant with the territorial and the reparations chapter of the Treaties does lend some colour to it. This was a point that President Wilson overlooked, though it might have been pointed out to him if there had been a German delegation in Paris, to talk things over with the victors, while the Peace Settlement was in the making. Here is one illustration of a thing I mentioned before. It is always wiser and safer, after a war, for the victors to discuss the peace-terms with the defeated nations, instead of just settling them by themselves and then imposing them by force.

Anyway, the Covenant of the League of Nations was drafted in Paris and put into each of the Peace Treaties by the Allies; and this in itself had important effects on the other parts of the settlement. For one thing, it made President Wilson less stiff about giving in, against his own better judgment, on other

points. When his European colleagues pressed him to agree to this or that—to some doubtfully fair interpretation of Reparations or some doubtfully just arrangement about territory—he seems often to have given in and salved his conscience by saying to himself something like this: 'These are all points of detail, in which it is difficult to be sure of the rights and wrongs; if I am obstinate about them all, I may be fighting on weak ground and I may get my European colleagues thoroughly up against me. But if I show that I can be accommodating about territorial and financial details, then I can concentrate upon standing out firmly for the Covenant. My colleagues can't then have the face to refuse me that one thing; and it is such a big thing that it will outweigh all the rest of the Peace Settlement put together. However bad the rest of the settlement may be, the Covenant will provide a means of putting things right gradually afterwards, if once the Covenant is accepted and set going'.

Provision for Treaty-Revision

The President did get the Covenant through; and, what is more, he got included in it a provision for revising treaties when these were felt, by some of the people committed to them, to be no longer applicable. Look up the text of the Covenant, and you will find this in the nineteenth article. No doubt President Wilson took as much comfort from this article as he could. It was largely on the strength of it that he afterwards committed himself, at home in America, to defending the Versailles Treaty as a whole—Reparations and territorial terms and all. Treaty-revision has been demanded by the defeated countries ever since; and we have seen that they have got it already in some things, like Reparations. It now rather looks as though they were going to get it in Disarmament as well—though this only by a general re-armament all round, which is likely to be a very disastrous way for them and for all of us. But the strongest demand for treaty-revision has always been over the territorial arrangements of the Treaties; and in this field Article 19 of the Covenant—the treaty-revision article—always has been, and still is, a dead letter, though it is now more than fourteen years since the Covenant came into force as a part of the Treaty of Versailles.

Meaning of the Covenant

Now we come to the gist of what the Covenant binds its signatories to do and not to do. First and foremost, it binds them not to go to war with other countries without having first submitted their dispute either to a court of law or to a conciliation-board. And then, if a country does go to war with its neighbour, without having first tried to get a peaceful award, or because it does not want to accept the award when it has been given, in that case, all the other signatories of the Covenant—that is, all the other members of the League of Nations—are bound to come to the help of the invaded country in practical ways. I will quote you the exact words of what the Covenant says about that. In Article 16 of the Covenant, the members of the League undertake 'immediately to subject' a Covenant-breaking state 'to the severance of all trade and financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the Covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not'. These are the so-called economic sanctions of the Covenant; and members may be called upon to take military action as well; but here the decision is left to them to take for themselves when the case arises. They are not pledged in advance to take military action against a Covenant-breaking state. It is only the pledge to take economic action that is absolute.

Then there is another article of the Covenant, Article 10, in which members of the League 'undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League'.

Here are guarantees of a new kind—collective guarantees—for the security of each country belonging to the League. By the terms of the Covenant, these guarantees apply in favour of any member of the League, even if the attacking country is not a member. In every case, the other members are bound to go to the help of the invaded country in these ways, just the same. Here, you see, is something quite new: a scheme of security for each nation through the collective action of all nations. It is very different from the old-fashioned security of having the largest possible army and the strongest possible frontiers of one's own, and then having to rely entirely on one's own strength. That was the only real form of security, for practical purposes, for any country, until within living memory. Compare the scheme of the League of Nations with that, and you will see what a tremendous new departure in international affairs the League is: a new departure in international affairs which may open a new era of human history, if only it catches on. Is it likely to catch on, in spite of the rather discouraging appearance of things at the present moment? Well, if you ask me that question, I think I will try to answer by putting a question to *you*. My question is: In what sense is the League idea really new? It is new, I admit, in the field of international relations; but, in every other field of life, it is surely not new at all, but something so thoroughly established that we take it for granted? What, after all, are the two principles at the bottom of the Covenant? The first principle is that, in disputes with one's neighbours, one must submit one's dispute to be dealt with by the public law, and must not resort to self-help against one's opponent. The second principle is that, if any member of society does resort to self-help in a dispute, in order just to seize what he claims instead of leaving it to the law to settle, then all the other members of society are bound to intervene. Quite apart from any question of the merits of the dispute, no member of society must be allowed, as we say, 'to take the law into his own hands'. If he tries to do that, then all the rest of us must put our strength together and step in, promptly and firmly, to stop him. However good his case may be, he must not be allowed to try and settle it in that way.

International Anarchy

In countries that call themselves civilised, that is the principle, and also the actual working basis, of almost the whole of people's relations with each other. We know from the history books, of course, that there was a time in our own past history when this was not so. At one time, the rule of law was not yet established, and people had to defend their personal rights against other people by carrying arms and banding themselves together privately for self-defence. But in civilised countries that was all put out of date so long ago by the establishment of the reign of law that we have practically no first-hand experience of what life without law—anarchy, as we call it—feels like. On this island, anarchy has not been the normal state of life since the rule of law was established in the Scottish Highlands after 1745. To find living examples of anarchy as the normal state of life in the world of today, one has to go very far afield, to places like the North-West Frontier of India.

But does the rule of law, which governs so much of our life, govern quite the whole of it? We cannot say that it does; for we have just been recognising that it was a tremendous new departure in the Peace Settlement of 1919 when we set ourselves, through the Covenant, to apply the rule of law to our international relations. In our international relations, the normal state of our life up till now has been just as lawless as the normal state of life of the North-West Frontier tribesmen. And we cannot get out of it by saying that these international relations are an unimportant part of our social life, or something that is remote from the ordinary concerns of the mass of men and women. We cannot possibly say that after having lived through the Great War. For the War is an overwhelming proof that international relations are a matter literally of life and death for every human being. They obviously affect our lives at least as much as buying and selling, or marrying and giving in marriage. If international relations remain abandoned to anarchy, as they have remained up till now, this anarchy, in this field, may cost us our lives, our children's lives, our wealth, our happiness, and worst of all, our conscience.

The Covenant of the League is an attempt to extend the reign of law to this tremendously important field in which

anarchy is still rampant. It is a new forward move, on the part of law, at anarchy's expense. There have been many such forward moves of law in the past, and the successful ones are the great historical landmarks in social progress. But anarchy is never easily overcome; the struggle is always long and hard. It will almost certainly be long and hard in this case.

The League and the 'Sovereign State'

We have seen that, in other human relations, anarchy means that every individual resorts to self-help and has to rely on self-help, because none of his neighbours can be relied upon to come to his help when somebody else is 'taking the law into his own hands' against him. That is the anarchical way of behaving which the law is always striving to overcome. Now, in our international relations today, law is asserting itself in the form of the League of Nations, and we have to look for the form in which anarchy here presents itself. The international anarchy, which the League is 'up against', is the way of behaving which we call the principle of sovereignty. The word 'sovereignty' may sound like something complicated, but one can get hold of the meaning of it in this way: a national Government that claims to be sovereign is making the same claim as an individual who claims to be 'above the law'. A state that calls itself a sovereign state means by this that it recognises no lawful higher authority in the world above itself. And this means that the men governing a sovereign state claim to have an absolutely free hand to deal as they like with the governments and peoples of other sovereign states. Sovereign states hold themselves free to advance their own interests against their neighbours by force; and this international use of force is called war. And sovereign states also hold themselves free to stand aside if one of their neighbours is attacking another; and this freedom from any obligation to preserve or restore the world's peace is called the right of neutrality.

Perhaps this seems a startling way of defining what war and neutrality are. But it is only startling because, in international relations, we have till lately taken anarchy for granted, as the normal condition of affairs, just as much as a matter of course as we have taken the reign of law for granted in everything else. This inconsistency is not surprising. In life, habit counts for so much that we are always living different parts of our life in separate water-tight compartments, and applying different principles in one department and in another. One compartment may be flooded and the rest of the ship still be water-tight. But there are occasions in history when these bulkheads of custom break down, and then the whole ship is going to be flooded if there is a leak anywhere at all. When the bulkheads have gone, the only security against the ship being swamped and becoming a total loss is to make sure that there are no leaks left anywhere in her hull. That is our own situation today. The bulkhead of convention that once used to divide international behaviour from other behaviour has broken down, and so we now have a choice between stopping the leak of anarchy in the international compartment of our life or having our whole ship swamped and losing all the inherited achievements of our civilisation.

You see why the League is such a tremendously important thing in the Peace settlement; why we, in our generation, cannot get away from the problem of extending the rule of law to international affairs, however violently our habit of national sovereignty may be making us kick against the pricks. And you see the obstacles which the League idea has to overcome. In trying to establish 'collective security' as a working principle of international law and order, the League idea has to overcome our habit of saying: 'We are a sovereign nation. Why should we not behave like Cain, or, short of Cain, like the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side? Why should we play the Good Samaritan? Why should God call upon us to be our brother's keeper?' And then, in trying to establish the principle that treaties may be revised by process of law, the League idea has to overcome our habit of saying: 'We are a sovereign nation: what we have we hold. Take it, at your peril, if you can. Otherwise we keep it by force'. In trying to bring our international relations under the reign of law, we have undertaken an ambitious enterprise in self-discipline. We have undertaken it because we cannot afford any longer to leave the Old Adam unredeemed in any sphere of human action. The redemption of our international life is what the Covenant stands for; and this is why I personally believe that the Covenant is likely to outlast everything else in the Peace Treaties.

From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—V

Trade Unionism Comes of Age

By H. L. BEALES

THE Sheffield outrages had burst like a thunderstorm upon the trade union world. Were such desperate criminals, people asked, representative trade unionists? It was proved that they were not, but Parliament was still unwilling to remove the handicaps under which trade unions had to work. People were too busy making the most of the growing prosperity of those mid-Victorian years to concern themselves, save under pressure, with the demands of working people. Think, for example, of these sentences from a leading article in a great newspaper in 1862, and let them illustrate the difficulties against which trade unions had to struggle:

With civilised man the secondary evils of war far exceed the primary. A few soldiers may indeed be pierced by shot or bayonet or shattered by cannon, but what are their sufferings compared with the miseries of thousands of capitalists who view with straining eyes the gradual disappearance of their stock? What are bullets flying about you compared with the heavy fall of securities that have utterly lost their buoyancy?

To demand higher wages or improved conditions seemed a sort of economic high treason to people with views like that. To demand political rights seemed equally wicked. In 1867 one reads in the papers of a J.P. these sentiments:

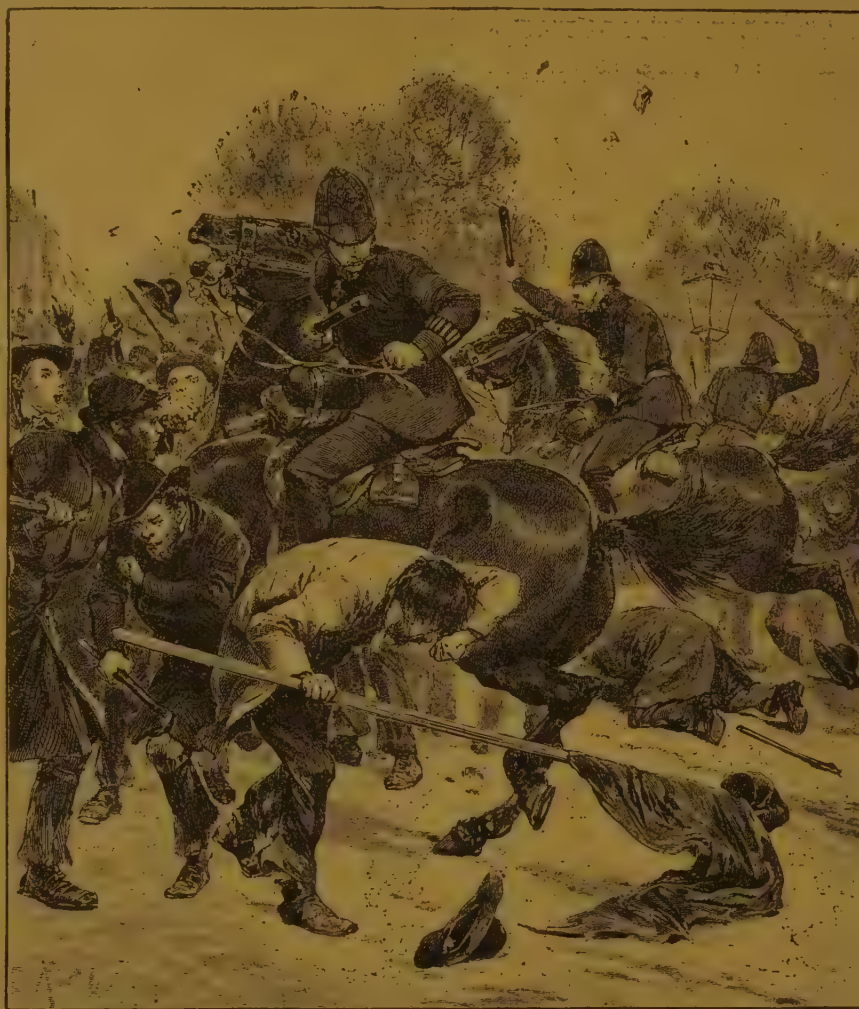
On Monday those ruffians, the Reformers, had a second demonstration in the streets for the purpose of intimidating Parliament into granting universal suffrage and all the damnations that belong thereto. They marched with flags flying and themselves bedizened with Chartist badges and costumes savouring of Foresters and Oddfellows. Truly things have come to a pretty pass with us in the old country, and it is difficult to predict what will be the upshot of all this Trades Union business. If their proceedings would only bring about a decided breach of the peace, there would be some chance of their being put down. At present they resemble an indolent ulcer, which will not get better till it is worse.

I do not suggest that these sentiments were held by all capitalists and employers, but I do suggest that even the most reasonable demands of trade unionists could only win their way with the greatest difficulty. This was so even though trade unions were now stable bodies, pursuing in the main very moderate policies and commanding useful reserve funds. But for the strain of radicalism that persisted in the House of Commons and in the country, it would have been hard for the trade unions to escape unscathed from the alarm caused by the Sheffield outrages.

The new legislation of the 'seventies defined afresh the

position of trade unions in the community. In the Act of 1871 they gained recognition at law: no union was to be outside the law merely because it was in restraint of trade. But the Criminal Law Amendment Act of the same year stiffened up the law against their activity. What this meant was shown in 1872 when London gas-stokers demanded better wages and a shorter working week. Their leaders were dismissed and when the men protested the employers locked them out. A

general gas-stokers' strike followed, and prosecutions for breach of contract were started by the management. Five hundred men were summoned and at once twenty-four were sentenced to hard labour. But the employers were not content even yet. Six of the leaders were prosecuted under the Act of 1871 and were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This vindictive action could only mean that the strike had become an unlawful weapon, and that the new legal status of trade unionism had no practical meaning. The unions demanded reversal of the sentence. They got the convicted men released in four months, but they had to wait till 1875 for amendment of the law. A new Act was passed which gave the unions not merely recognition before the law, but freedom to act as organised bodies in



"Lowering the red flag in Hyde Park." Police and unemployed at a riot in 1887

From the 'Illustrated London News' (October 29, 1887)

industrial disputes. The contract of employment became a civil engagement, like other contracts, and it was established that no act should be punishable if done in combination unless it would be criminal if done by an individual acting alone. An undoubted victory had been won. Until the Taff Vale decision in 1901 the unions were free to pursue the aims which had brought them into being.

Quick progress had been made by trade unions in the 'sixties, but that progress was interrupted. Employers attacked their growing strength by frequent lock-outs and the law had been used sharply against them. The winning of legal freedom in 1875 was the prelude to an outburst of new activity. In 1871 engineers in the North-East won a nine-hours' working day after a five months' struggle, and this victory encouraged shipyard workers and building trade employees to similar efforts. But what excited most attention was the sudden revival of trade unionism in the villages, where it had been dead since 1834.

There was no body of workpeople more in need of trade union help than the agricultural labourers. The onward sweep of industrialism had brought them no gains. Rather, the reverse was true. Galvanised sheets, barbed wire and tin

buckets crept into the villages and destroyed old crafts. The tenant farmer had little freedom to control his farming operations. His tenure was insecure and his capital might be lost if notice to quit were served upon him. In general, doubtless, landlords were reasonable to farmers and farmers to labourers, but the whole system of concentrated landowning was a land-

denied him a hearing at vestry meetings—told him on one occasion that he was not fit to carry off to a bear—forced him to go to law over the appointment of churchwardens, and tried to empty his church. But he fought down opposition and helped to pave the way for the trade union that was formed in 1872.

If anyone can deny the labourer's case for less brutish treatment than was customary in large areas in the 1870's, he must have access to feelings of an unusual order. How get things improved? There weren't enough Canon Girdlestons to go round. The only hope was union, but so mute and helpless a class as the village labourers could scarcely be expected to form a union. Yet it was one of their own number, Joseph Arch, a labourer in the fields from the age of nine, when he was paid 4d. a day for bird-scaring, who took up the task. A handful of Warwickshire labourers asked him to address a meeting and to his astonishment several hundred people turned up. A week later a demand was made of the farmers that they should pay 2s. 8d. for an eleven hours' day, with 4d. an hour for overtime and nine hours on Saturdays.

The farmers took no notice, and 200 men struck work. Subscriptions in support of the men flowed in from trade unions in the towns and from the general public. Soon a National Union was formed, with Joseph Arch as president, a Consultative Committee of powerful friends to assist at its counsels, and the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* as its effective though unofficial voice. Within a year 70,000 members were enrolled and the *Chronicle* was circulating 30,000 copies a week.

The history of the Union was brief but full of incident, and it made a profound impression on the whole community. The Bishop of Gloucester, it is true, suggested the village horsepond as a fit place for its apostles, and the Duke of Marlborough complained that paid agitators were disturbing 'the friendly feeling which used to unite the labourer and his employer in mutual feelings of generosity and confidence'. A couple of clerical magistrates sent sixteen women to hard labour for trying to persuade imported blackleg labourers



English peasant and his cottage in the time of Joseph Arch
From 'The English Peasantry', by F. G. Heath (1874)

lord's system, and it rested on the assumption that the labourer would remain docile and the home market be free from the competition of foreign produce. Both these conditions were destined to pass away. The farm labourer had lost his access to land when enclosure gathered it into individual ownership, and, as Mr. Chesterton put it, 'the village green turned up in the squire's back yard'—the village, that is, had become the home of men who were almost serfs. The labourers worked for a pittance and their women and children worked, in gangs, at nominal rates of wages. They lived together in cottages—usually their employers' property—which were often as mean and insanitary as the cellar-dwellings of Liverpool and Manchester.

Wages had risen in the 'fifties and 'sixties, yet even in 1870 they were disgustingly low. In Berkshire, a farm labourer could earn 10s. to 11s. a week; in Devon and Dorset, about 9s.; in Durham, 15s. to 18s.; in the Eastern Counties, 10s. to 12s. Broadly, farm wages were higher in the North than the South and higher in industrial districts near large towns than in rural areas. There were sometimes allowances—especially of beer and cider at harvest, when extra money could be earned—but they didn't amount to much. Add, say, 1s. a week for them, and something for the crow-scaring of children and the hoeing or other field-labour of the women. When everything is added up, the household budget remains mean and niggardly.

Fawcett summed things up in these words: 'Our agricultural economy is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty and end their days in pauperism'. He recalled visiting a labourer in his cottage one night at 7 o'clock. 'On being asked why he did not sit up an hour or two longer, he said in a tone of peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, "My time is no use to me, I cannot read. I have nothing to do, and so it's no use burning fire and candles for nothing". What a satire his words were upon our vaunted civilisation!' And he added, referring to the gang system of labour, that 'some of the worst horrors of slavery seem to be in existence among us'. These views were confirmed by others before trade union action was restarted in the villages.

Canon Girdlestone described the North Devon labourer's food as consisting of 'tea-kettle broth' for breakfast (*i.e.*, bread soaked in hot water, seasoned with salt and an occasional onion), bread and skim-milk cheese for 'forenoons' or luncheon and for dinner, both taken during intervals of work; for supper, potatoes and cabbage with a tiny piece of bacon and butcher's meat on rare occasions; rheumatism usually began to cripple farm labourers in the 'forties or 'fifties, and old age was commonly spent in the workhouse. When Canon Girdlestone made rural conditions known widely in a letter to the Press, he was persecuted by the farmers of his parish in every way they could think of. They refused him a churchrate,



Joseph Arch (1874)

British Museum

not to take their husbands' jobs. People were evicted from their homes—in Berkshire an old paralysed man was turned out because his son had joined the Union—and forced to migrate to other districts or to leave the country. But that elusive factor, public opinion, came down on the men's side and farmers often raised wages without other than the moral pressure which it exerted upon them. The Union had to engage in frequent strikes and to visit frequent lockouts. The

authorities in 1872 even allowed the military to assist in gathering in the harvest, but a protest from the London Trades Council brought this to an end. In 1874 a counter-attack on the Union resulted in the locking-out of eight or ten thousand men. The financial strain was more than the Union could bear. It began to break up, and though in 1889 a brief revival took place, its effective life had been lived between 1872 and 1874.

Yet much had been accomplished. Wages in many parts of the country had been forced up. Labourers had, by migration and emigration, learned to open new doors to independence. A festering weakness in the life of the country, social and economic, had been diagnosed, and a new spirit of sturdy pride had

bluntly that trade union victories were 'only won by strict limitation of the numbers in the particular trade and the excluded candidates necessarily go to depress the condition of the outsiders. The trades unionist does but raise himself on the bodies of his less fortunate comrades'. Was depression killing faith? The answer came from an unexpected quarter. John Burns blamed sick and old age benefits as a 'reckless assumption of the duties and responsibilities that only the State can discharge'. Unions that allowed their concern for benefits to cramp their industrial policy were, he declared, mere rate-reducing institutions. A forward policy was needed if trade unions were to grow in power and serve their members well.

Unemployment, too, was causing a good deal of social introspection. Processions of the workless were making Londoners uneasy. The facts about sweated labour were beginning to be revealed. The conditions under which woman match-box makers worked in London were exposed: the girls employed by a big firm were asked to sign a denial of the charges: they refused and came out on strike when one of them was dismissed. They were unorganised and without funds, but outside help came readily to them. They won a victory which had important results. It showed the possibility of trade unions, even among unskilled labourers, and provided very practical criticism of over-caution in trade union policy. Already, too, work was being done among the gas-workers. They had found a leader in one of their own number, Will Thorne, who built up with astonishing speed the National Union of Gas Workers and General Labourers. This new Union demanded the reduction of the working-day from twelve



The London Dock Strike of 1889. Meeting outside the West India Dock gates—

been awakened in a depressed class of the population. The real sequel to the agricultural labourers' efforts to improve their position was the overhauling of our land system in the Allotments and Small Holdings Acts and the enfranchisement of the villages in 1884. An attack of great future importance on land monopoly and rural feudalism had been launched. Soon Chamberlain and Jesse Collings were to spread their vision of 'three acres and a cow' as the rural worker's birthright. Joseph Arch was elected to Parliament in 1885, and he wore in the House his rough tweed suit and billycock hat—symbols of a changing world. Keir Hardie's cloth cap was to follow shortly after.

Gloomy times came upon English agriculture in the 'seventies. They knocked the heart out of everyone working on the land. In industry, too, prosperity waned and depression set in in 1873. Mid-Victorian prosperity was over. Prices began to fall and continued downwards till nearly the end of the century. It was hard to hold the advances made in the good years, the more so as the trade union movement still included only a minority of the working class. Yet the need for trade unions had never been greater. Profits being hard to come by, employers had a strong incentive to cut labour costs: employment being irregular, workmen had a strong motive to maintain wage rates. In these conditions, critics of the cautious policy of the trade union leaders were plentiful. In order to maintain their benefit payments, trade union leaders looked upon aggressive industrial action with disfavour. The engineers, for example, were unwilling to fight against the systematic overtime which many of their members were compelled to work. Doubts of the effectiveness of trade unionism began to be expressed by trade unionists themselves. Sidney Webb stated



—Above: 'Those who agree to this resolution hold up their hands!' Below: 'On the contrary?'

From the *Illustrated London News* (September 7, 1889)

hours to eight, and their demand was granted in London and in several provincial towns. These successes kindled the ardour of unskilled workers all over the country, and in consequence the most impressive struggle of the period took place when the dockers came out on strike in the late summer of 1889. Ben Tillett had been trying to organise the dockers for years, and he appealed for help to Tom Mann and John Burns and Champion. Burns took up the leadership of the strike and won universal respect for his eloquence and moderation alike. A friendly Press, instructed by Champion, put the dockers' claims before the public. Help poured in from this country and still more from Australia. The dockers won the 'tanner' an hour they demanded, and in doing so they enlarged and revitalised the whole trade union movement. That movement was

now stronger in numbers and in the range of its membership. And the new unionism wakened up the whole world of labour.

To show in what ways the new spirit expressed itself I am going to recall the meeting of the Trades Union Congress in 1890. The number of organisations which sent delegates that year was well-nigh doubled, and the total membership represented there was increased from 885,000 to over 1,470,000. But equally striking was the tone and scope of discussions and resolutions. The Trades Union Congress had already twenty years of experience behind it, and it had come to be regarded as the parliament and central co-ordinating authority of the trade union movement. It had taken a leading part in the struggle for the legal recognition of trade unionism between 1871 and 1875, but it had not been an exhilarating body after that victory had been won. Controversial questions had been avoided. In 1887 Keir Hardie, at his first Congress, had run counter to the habitual conservatism of the T.U.C. There were too many there who opposed the eight-hour day for his liking; Congress was too staid and cautious for the younger men generally. The new unionism of the unskilled workers brought new voices to the front. The result was that Congress instructed its Parliamentary Committee to work for an Eight Hours Bill, and though Congress rejected a socialistic resolution by a large majority, it was clear that the T.U.C. had moved nearer to the rank and file of the trade union movement. That the abandonment of respectable aloofness from the battle was needed events soon showed.

Though trade unionism had gained in strength and prestige, there were still backward areas in the industrial field where employers refused recognition to the workers'

agency for collective bargaining. One of these areas was that of railway labour. Railwaymen employed by the Taff Vale Company struck in 1900, and were supported by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. The Company sought an injunction to restrain the society and its officers from supporting the strike and claimed damages. They won the case in the courts and the House of Lords upheld the decision. A new crisis had been reached. The sting of renewed attack welded the Labour movement together. Industrial and political action were to be combined. In the general election of 1906 a compact body of 29 Labour Members were elected, and the Trades Disputes Act was forced from the reluctant government. The Act restored to trade unions their old liberties, and their position was further defined in 1913. The meaning of this legislation has often been discussed and not always with restraint. I cannot do better than recall Professor Geldart's estimate. 'The general enlargement of the powers of trade unions is a reasonable and necessary reform which puts them approximately upon the same footing with other voluntary societies, and secures to them the right to carry on various activities which they had already undertaken, as well as the possibility of free development in new directions. The safeguards for the liberty of individual members established with regard to the pursuit of political objects seem adequate. But the indirect extension of the already unjustifiable privilege of immunity from liability for tort is a serious blot upon the Act'. From being outlaws trade unionists had become legally privileged persons. What a change that was, and what a tribute to their leadership and their steadfastness of purpose!

Science in the Making

The Catfish as Oracle

By GERALD HEARD

THOUGH earthquakes kill at a stroke probably more people than are ever killed in any other way, half the peril is due to the fact that they can catch us unawares. For example, if only the great Messina earthquake could have been foreseen even half-an-hour ahead, most of the two hundred thousand people who perished in a few minutes might have been saved.

Of course till quite lately men thought that nothing could be done. Nature hit without warning. Now we are discovering that notion is quite untrue. Indeed we may doubt whether Nature ever hits without a warning, if only we could attend to it. Certainly she gives plenty of notice about earthquakes: take that last terrible earthquake, the one in North India. There seems reason to suppose that in the last seventy years all the countryside in which the Behar earthquake broke out had been steadily rising. It is true it had only been rising at the rate of some six feet a century, but when a rise like that goes on it is very serious. And in that part of the world you have to keep a peculiarly sharp look-out. For the Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world because they are quite young as mountains go—much younger than the Alps and mere infants beside some of the Welsh and Irish hills. In fact the Himalayas are still growing quite appreciably. This is probably the reason for part of the earthquake trouble thereabouts. The plains at their feet are being drawn up also, just as the sheets rise in a slope when you raise your knees in bed. You may think it would be impossible to measure a rise of the countryside which only amounts to less than three-quarters of an inch in a year. Such increases can, however, be measured by modern surveying instruments, and though there is some doubt as to whether the instruments of a quarter of a century ago have left us results equally accurate, yet it seems on the whole that this significant rise of the foot-hill plain has taken place. Nature's warning can be read, and this is undoubtedly one of her warnings. Two years ago this rise was read as a draw-up in a certain direction. And where the main line of this drawing strain went east-north-east toward the Himalayas, it was there that on January 15 last the tension suddenly broke, the solid earth rippled and flowed like treacle and of course all buildings on such ground came to grief. But what is the use of telling people: 'In a couple of years or so you may probably get a bad quake'? If you are to make any

impression and to save lives you must be able to name the day when the earthquake is coming and the earth must fulfil your prophecy.

Earthquake Warnings

Can seismology ever reach such a standard of efficiency? Yes, it may. For it has been proved that the earth itself gives warnings, if only we can read them. Japan is certainly the most densely inhabited earthquake zone in the world and the Japanese are of all people the least inclined to sit down and wait to be attacked. If science can teach them anything about earthquakes they may be trusted to learn it. And certainly they have already found out quite a great deal. For instance they have not only found that long before an earthquake the ground is undergoing a great strain. They have found also that shortly before many of the actual convulsions the ground tilts. Then generally within a few hours the strain breaks down and the earth rocks, spreading devastation. The tilting seems a sort of final twist before the vast subterranean vaults collapse. There are instruments now in use which can measure that tip; if it goes beyond a certain point, then the wise man will go and stand in open country where nothing can fall on him. But even then the earthquake forecaster cannot be sure the earthquake is coming then and there. It is a serious thing to tell a whole town to come out of their houses, the fishermen to leave the shore, the quarryman the quarry, and then for no earthquake to turn up; and worse, if, just when the people have gone back to their work, the delayed violence suddenly breaks loose.

We evidently need a detector more sensitive than any mere measuring instrument which shows how many inches the earth has already moved. Electricity at once occurs to our minds. It is pretty certain that an earthquake is attended by electrical symptoms. For a long time there had been popular reports that flashes of queer light are seen during really bad quakes, and since the serious earthquakes of the last few years have been carefully observed by naturalists on the spot, there seems evidence that such peculiar flashes are an earthquake feature—though how precisely they are caused and what they mean no one can yet say. They do, however, suggest that some considerable electrical disturbance is involved in the general confusion. Yet so far no electrical instrument has been devised



Catfish and Earthquake
Specially drawn by Colonel W. P. C. Tenison

which would show that an earth storm was brewing, just as a barometer records an oncoming air storm. Nevertheless, an electrical recorder has been found. Some animals are amazingly and peculiarly sensitive to electricity, more sensitive, it would seem, than any instrument we have at present.

Plain, but Useful

That at least seems the only explanation of the latest earthquake detector, the catfish. Certainly when you visit this very unattractive fish in the Zoo there does not seem any reason why it should have been preserved or any hint of the strange and valuable gift which lies behind its dull appearance. To call the catfish plain would be a compliment. It is a large lead-coloured wormy object with a number of smaller wormy soft warts about its face. It is an insult to a cat to give it such a fish as its godchild. I am sure if we had been able to get at all the world's catfish we should have exterminated them and not felt that we had lost anything. But we should have. For the catfish can tell you when an earthquake is coming on. Maybe other animals can. Before one of the last California earthquakes, one observer noticed that some birds of a particular species suddenly left the tree they were roosting in—it was early dawn—and rocketed into the air half an hour before the shock. When the shock itself was on, they did not seem to pay any attention. It was something intangible that had gone before which startled them. However, no one has ever managed to keep birds under observation and to notice from their behaviour whether an earthquake is on the way. That would be true augury. But this, though it sounds almost unbelievable, is exactly what has been done with the unlovely and unlively catfish. The Japanese have made the discovery. As they are always searching for an earthquake herald they have found one in this queer fish. The procedure in consulting this latest oracle is as follows. The catfish is kept in a tank. Once every six hours the observer taps on the table which carries the tank. If all is clear you will notice nothing odd about the fish's behaviour. But if, when you tap, the fish suddenly plunges through the water, then look out. Within six hours you may count on an earthquake. It has now been proved that four times out of five the catfish is a perfectly sound forecaster. The meteorological office would be pleased if it could have as high a percentage of hits—80 per cent.—and when you think what the hit is, how much more important it is to know whether an earthquake is on the way than to give any weather bulletin short of a tornado warning—one can see how catfish may rise in value in earthquake zones. How does the fish do it? It is pretty clear that it is abnormally sensitive to some electrical condition. For if you insulate the tank the fish can't

respond, though the crack of doom be about to break. It has to be in electrical contact with the earth.

Improving on the Catfish

So we may hope one day to get an electrical instrument which will record what the fish feels, and perhaps it will write a record for us like a barograph writes a record of the atmospheric pressure and shows how it is changing. Looking at that we should be able to see at a glance whether an earthquake was brewing and about to break in the next six hours. Certainly the catfish, invaluable as he is in our present stage of earthquake ignorance, could be improved upon. For instance he cannot, it would seem, distinguish whether the earthquake is only a local tremor of the slightest sort—say like that tiny tremor which shook one village near Deal in Kent on April 23—or an oncoming convulsion



Mondiale

which may wreck a whole countryside and deluge half-a-dozen coast-towns. But the fish has undoubtedly pointed the way. And once more our race may be grateful to another odd animal ally. The ferret may yet save us from the pestilence of influenza, the catfish may show us how we can escape the fury of an even more terrible and blinder power—the seizure of the earth itself.

In one of the Southern United States there is a public monument to an animal. It is to the boll weevil, which nearly destroyed the cotton plantations, then the staple crop of those Southern states. The boll weevil's depredations drove the Southern agriculturists to develop other crops, and so, in the end, they found themselves grateful to the pest which drove them out of the rut. If the boll weevil has its monument, surely the catfish also deserves a stone of remembrance!

Air-Mindedness and the Aero-Post

By Brigadier-General R. T. I. RIDGWAY

IN my opinion air-mindedness and the aero-post both originated in one man. It must have been air-mindedness that caused Noah in 2349 B.C. to send the dove out, and the dove, as you know, carried a message on its return. Years after that historic incident, another record of air-mindedness and the post is seen in the establishment of a regular and systematic pigeon-post by the Caliph of Baghdad, which by the middle of the thirteenth century extended as far as Cairo.

Another instance and one of the romances of the Napoleonic wars was the manner in which Nathan Rothschild of London had pigeons despatched to tell him the results of each battle—

successful flight with a power-propelled machine on December 17, 1903—only thirty-one years ago. This flight, an amazing performance at that date, lasted 59 seconds and covered 184 yards.

Spurred by this initial effort, others soon followed; among the most prominent was Santos Dumont, the son of a Brazilian

OPEN LETTERS for PARIS.

Transmission of by Carrier Pigeons.

THE Director-General of the French Post Office has informed this Department that a special Despatch, by means of Carrier Pigeons, of correspondence addressed to Paris has been established at Tours, and that such Despatch may be made use of for brief letters, or notes, originating in the United Kingdom, and forwarded by post to Tours.

Persons desirous of availing themselves of this mode of transmission must observe the following conditions:—

Every letter must be posted open, that is, without any cover or envelope, and without any seal, and it must be registered.

No letter must consist of more than twenty words, including the address and the signature of the sender; but the name of the addressee, the place of his abode, and the name of the sender—although composed of more than one word—will each be counted as one word only.

No figures must be used: the number of the house of the addressee must be given in words.

Combined words joined together by hyphens or apostrophes will be counted according to the number of words making up the combined word.

The letters must be written entirely in French, in clear, intelligible language. They must relate solely to private affairs, and no political allusion or reference to the War will be permitted.

The charge for these letters is five-pence for every word, and this charge must be prepaid, in addition to the postage of sixpence for a single registered letter addressed to France.

The Director-General of the French Post Office, in notifying this arrangement, has stated that his office cannot guarantee the safe delivery of this correspondence, and will not be in any way responsible for it.

By Command of the Postmaster-General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE
10th November, 1870.

An early example of air-post: notice of transmission by carrier pigeon during the Siege of Paris, 1870

to help him in his speculations, and money-making. But man himself failed to emulate the bird till that genius, Leonardo da Vinci, invented a flying machine. With no motive power, however, except man's unaided effort, progress in this direction ceased; till we see the next attempt—something with which to lift him to the skies, the balloon. The tragedies connected with these were many, but the uses of the balloon in emergency were amply demonstrated during the siege of Paris in 1870, when no fewer than fifty-five balloons with their passengers flew out of the beleaguered city, in most cases landing safely. Many interesting documents were carried by these balloons, and by pigeons, a great number of which were on view at the Air-post Exhibition, held last week at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square.

Years go by! At last man goes a step forward. In North Carolina, in the hamlet of Kitty Hawk, Wilbur Wright, a blacksmith, had been experimenting, and made the first suc-



Envelope of letter carried by the Graf Zeppelin from Czechoslovakia to Brazil, South America

copper merchant, but the distinction of the first Englishman to fly rests with Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who flew between a quarter and half a mile in 1909, in the Isle of Sheppey; and it is to be remembered that in doing this, though it seems absurd now, he was breaking the law, for in 1909 it was a punishable offence to fly except within certain hours. The outstanding event of the same year, that caused a thrill throughout the world, was the crossing of the Channel by Louis Bleriot.

The next step was to carry mail; and as far as British Aviation is concerned 1911 was a memorable year, for shortly after the coronation of His Majesty King George, the Postmaster-General sanctioned flights with mails between London and Windsor: letters carried during these flights are now the treasured possessions of many people.

Air-mindedness now spread to the Press. Proprietors of



Card posted in Switzerland and carried by Zeppelin from Friedrichshafen to London

Illustrations by courtesy of the International Air-post Exhibition

various journals, the principal of whom was Lord Northcliffe, began to foresee the greater possibilities in aviation, and under their auspices successful flights in carrying mail were effected by Mr. Graham White and Gastalf Hand.

With the beating of the drums of war, the spur of necessity drove man for a time to use this new weapon for defence and attack, and the invention advanced so rapidly in those four years, that a dangerous experiment became an assured fact, so much so that in 1919 the vast Atlantic Ocean was for the first



Despatch of the Rocket Post

By permission of Herr Zucker, the Inventor

time crossed by two British aviators, Captain Alcock and Lieut. Brown, in sixteen hours. As a recognition of this feat, His Majesty knighted both men. One month previous to this, a similar attempt had been made by Messrs. Hawker and Grieve—a romantic episode, for they were picked up from the sea after flying 1,050 miles by a small Danish steamer carrying no wireless, and the world only knew of their safe rescue a week later.

Short distance passenger and mail services were now being organised, with, in many countries, stamps, of which many thousands may be seen at the Exhibition, for the particular purpose. For further distances pioneers had to be sent to map out the way. Their names are now household words, but few are aware that much of this work was performed by the Royal Air Force. The achievements of this force in peace as well as war are wonderful. One incident may be recalled. In Afghanistan when King Amanulla was besieged in Kabul, the King and Queen, their followers, and the women and children of the legations, were, to the number of six hundred, evacuated to India by the machines of the R.A.F. There is no doubt whatever that by this gallant feat the foreign legations were saved from a terrible fate, and probably



result of these eers, we now derful system reaching to all Empire—verithe air. Mute dences, someones, are shown tion, of the toll paid during the hazardous experimental stages of these great airways, in the shape of letters saved from ill-fated machines which for one reason or another have failed to achieve their great objectives.

Air-mindedness is going further to benefit civilisation. In



lands where locust plagues occur powder is dropped on them from the air, saving thousands of people from famine and destitution. One more instance, and a very striking one. There is a township in Papua which, with the mines surrounding it, was constructed out of materials carried entirely by air, saving months of manual labour and fever stricken journeys through jungle.

These are some of the ways in which air-mindedness has already benefited mankind. It should now help to draw people together to live in peace and amity. What of the future? Are we to see, in addition to extension and acceleration, the spectacle of our daily post and ported and delivered to the most mod-messages—pro-



paper being transered by air? Or are ther still, and, due ern advances, see pelled by rocket-post at the speed of 800 miles an hour—soar into the stratosphere,

and from there, by means of its initial impulse, borne, shall we say, from Berlin to New York?—who can say? These are but surmises. But how many people surmised only a few years ago that a man's voice could carry, through the medium of the ether, to the millions of the world?

The Hertfordshire Rural Music School is holding its Founders' Day celebration on June 2, at 16.15 hours at the Friends' House, Euston Road. Sir Walford Davies, the President of the School, will preside, and a programme of music by Purcell and Bach will be given. Admission is free, but tickets ensuring seats may be obtained from the Secretary, 109, Bancroft, Hitchin. The School, which sends trained teachers to villages, where classes are held weekly in the playing of string instruments, choral singing, chamber music, etc., has, after five years' work, 33 adult classes, 30 children's classes, and in all 700 students, in Hertfordshire and the bordering counties.

The thirteenth annual message of goodwill from the children of Wales will be broadcast on May 18. In a number of countries the message is included in a short broadcast programme: in Washington, at the request of the World Federation of Education Associations, the National Broadcasting Company transmits through its network of stations on May 18 the text of a message from the children of the United States and from the children of Wales. This year it is hoped that a speech from President Roosevelt will mark the occasion.

The air-post stamps shown above were an exhibit at the International Air-post Exhibition held last week at the Horticultural Hall

*The Web of Thought and Action—V**What is the Good of Anything?*

A Discussion between Professor H. Levy and the Rev. Dr. S. C. Carpenter

PROFESSOR H. LEVY: I take it, Dr. Carpenter, that you, as a member of the Christian Church, have very definite ideas of good and bad. What I want to ask you first of all is where you get those ideas from?

DR. S. C. CARPENTER: Yes, certainly, I have a system of values. It comes from my belief in Christ, whom I find in the New Testament, in the Church, and, less definitely, in the sort of diffused Christianity which is about. I should analyse it into the three values of truth, goodness, beauty.

H. L.: You believe those values to be absolute—that is to say unchangeable?

S. C.: Yes.

H. L.: May I ask you at this point if you accept the theory of evolution?

S. C.: Certainly I do.

H. L.: Very well then, isn't there a contradiction here? You accept the idea of evolution, which means that our appreciation of truth, beauty and goodness has grown and expanded from the ape stage; and yet at the same time you say these things are absolute and unchanging. Do you perhaps mean that our *appreciation* of goodness has evolved, and that goodness exists outside in the universe objectively and unchanging?

S. C.: Yes.

H. L.: Then you don't think that man develops his ethics as he discovers how to live?

S. C.: Yes, man does; but truth and goodness and beauty exist in themselves. They represent something which is in the mind of God and so is eternal, and has absolute value. Our job is to learn these values and use them.

H. L.: I see. That leads me on to my next question. When you speak of this objective goodness, have you any evidence or do you simply *assume* its existence?

S. C.: I think it is a necessary act of faith.

H. L.: You see what I am getting at? You talk to scientific men about scientific facts and you find that they have certain very definite practical criteria they apply. What I should like to bring out is whether the religious man has other tests for his facts, and I want to know how he arrives at an acceptance of such values.

S. C.: That of course is the central question, and I think you will find that Churchmen and Christians generally have various criteria for truth. The act of faith has to be criticised and, if possible, verified. Some still maintain the old scholastic position that the existence of God can be demonstrated by logic. Others believe that Immanuel Kant showed that the so-called proofs of Theism are not binding. Kant himself was sure that belief in God was required by the facts of the moral consciousness. I myself have no wish for logical proof, as I feel that the kind of God who could be demonstrated would not meet my religious needs. At the opposite extreme from the scholastic position are those who rely on the argument from experience. I feel the importance of that argument, but I should say that the chain is really threefold; reason, history and spiritual experience. And of course when I say 'spiritual experience' I do not only mean my own, or that of those who are called, in a special sense, the mystics. I mean the total experience of Christendom.

H. L.: You are suggesting that different people attach different degrees of importance to different aspects of the argument. We find in previous discussions that to a large extent the relative importance attached by different people to the same thing has depended on their own personal experience during this life, the class they come from, and all sorts of things like that. If that is so, what weight can be attached to these people's individual views for founding a solid basis for an absolute?

S. C.: If you are looking for the effect of class or social status in moulding a man's belief, I don't think there's much to be found there. I don't see anything in class differences which would make a person go this way or that way in the things I have been discussing. I have known Christians of all ranks of life. Education, of course, makes a great difference in the way in which it is expressed.

H. L.: But that's just my point. Every experience is educational. You see, I'm still looking for a solid criterion on which to establish what you take as an absolute.

S. C.: I think I may have to go back a bit and to try and make my position clearer. I have been philosophising mildly so far, but I have said almost nothing about belief in Christ, which is my rock. That is where I begin.

H. L.: You propose to justify in broad general terms something which you just believe to be the case? On what is this belief founded?

S. C.: Now we are coming to discuss the nature of faith. Faith is a gift. Everyone has some, but they don't all use it in the same way. What has happened to me is that Christ has made Himself known to me, that is, to my reason, conscience, affections and so on, and has exercised such a compelling attraction that I take him as my Lord. I believe in Christ, and as a consequence of this I believe in God as the eternal Source of truth, goodness, beauty. Later I may begin to philosophise. But there are different schools of philosophy—more or less Platonist; Platonist; and non-Platonist. I am not an expert in philosophy, and if I adopt, say, a Platonic or some other line of argument, it is only an attempt to support, in what seems a reasonable way, a belief which in my own case is essentially a *Christian* faith.

H. L.: I am not denying that you feel you have the belief. You say the belief comes to those who have faith. Faith, you say, is a gift. What you are saying amounts to this, that those who feel they believe have the gift of believing. That tells me nothing about whether the belief is well-founded or not. It might be a delusion. Some people have the gift for believing delusions.

S. C.: I should prefer, instead of 'have the gift', to say 'use the gift'. It is certainly true that some people believe delusions, but my conviction is this—that Christ came out of the eternal world, the world of absolute values, and broke into this human world, and that through Him we are given a chance of apprehending eternal values.

H. L.: You base your assertions, then, on the particular historical event—the work, person, and life of Jesus? And you assert that Christ came out of the eternal world; that is your historical fact. And you take what He stood for as representing eternal truth of some kind. But surely if an ordinary man who lived at the time of Christ had said something, before you accepted the validity of what he said you would want to examine it in the light of its historical setting? After all, since that time we have developed enormously both in knowledge and experience.

S. C.: Oh, I quite agree. In physical science, particularly. I have no doubt, for instance, that Jesus assumed that the world was flat. On my belief that is to be expected, and is implied in the doctrine of Incarnation. It doesn't seem to me to affect the fact that He was able to give expression to eternal truth. Some things are timeless, and I distinguish between the matter of His revelation and the ordinary intellectual outfit of language and scientific ideas of that time.

H. L.: I wonder whether this separation into two classes of truth would really bear examination. I understand that your belief in Christ is your first basis, however. But when you speak about God you seem to me to be making a further assumption. You said these things must be tested at the bar of history and reason: suppose I look and find physical evidence for the existence of Christ and for the fact that He made such statements; I find it very difficult to follow you when you use this as evidence for a new being—God.

S. C.: I can't help doing that, because I learn through Christ that God is the supreme reality. There are philosophical reasons for belief in God, about which philosophers argue persuasively. And we could, of course, discuss that now, if there were time. But for my own part, I begin with Christ. Christ stands for me as a revelation of what God is like, showing us the things that God desires. To me that commends itself as final. I can't get beyond it. Some people begin with the conviction that they already know about God and then consider the question whether Christ may properly be called

divine. I begin with Christ, and I learn about God through Him.

H. L.: Well, if you can't get beyond it, beyond your own private feelings and desires as evidence of something objective, it's no use our pursuing that line. You would admit, I suppose, that there are honest disbelievers? They, for example, might say that the whole thing is simply an idea drawn from the notion of the family—and of the father of the family—and therefore such disbelievers will see your assumption of the existence of God from the historical fact of Christ's life and His recorded teaching as an illusion.

S. C.: Certainly there are honest disbelievers, and if the fact of Christ makes some other impression on them, they must, of course, pursue whatever seems to them the right line of thought. In any case, other lines of approach (the idea of Creation, and what is called the moral argument, for example) are open to them. But I am afraid that if we argue about the validity of religious experience it will take us a long time.

H. L.: Very well. I want, if I may, to put other questions to you. So far we have been dealing only with thought. I am interested in the relation of thought to action, of theory and practice. In the first discussion Mr. Everyman complained about the Churches, saying that they did not behave as if they believed what they preached. He quoted the instance of the Churches during the War. What I am particularly interested in is this question of the Church's reaction to social problems. For example, in the economic field, the economist as such wasn't concerned with human values. Would you, as a person essentially interested in human values, say that these matters are not concerned with economic questions?

S. C.: Certainly I am not an economist, and obviously no Christian as such is an expert on economics, but he is, I believe, very much concerned with the human and the social consequences of economic action, or of economic conditions.

H. L.: What, then, is the Church's attitude to recognised social evils? Perhaps we might look at this question historically in the first place. I suggested in the first talk, and I am afraid it made some people rather cross, that the Church had a bad record in this respect. Take such things as the way Bishops have voted on social questions—hanging for sheep stealing, for instance.

S. C.: It is perfectly true that in a number of respects the record of the Church in the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century was very bad.

H. L.: That was a hundred years ago. Now, has the Church put itself right in this matter since then?

S. C.: People like Elizabeth Fry, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, Maurice and Gore showed that Christianity was concerned with the whole of life. They said that if it is true that the Eternal Word was made flesh, then everything that concerns flesh, that is, humanity, is the concern of God, and therefore of the Church. There was founded, for example, the Christian Social Union, which is now the Industrial Christian Fellowship, which attempts to be a sort of social conscience for the Church. There has been lately an interdenominational movement called Copec, and an international movement, arising out of the Life and Work Conference at Stockholm, and the net result is that a great many more Christian people today, I think, are disposed to take that sort of view of what Christianity means than was the case a hundred years ago.

H. L.: But not all, and not officially as a Christian Church. Would you say, then, that Christian people could be divided into two classes—those with a social conscience who believe that it should operate in that sort of way, and those who don't believe that it is their business as Church members to do anything about social conditions?

S. C.: Broadly speaking, yes.

H. L.: And they are both regarded as Christians by the Church.

S. C.: The second set are, I suppose, as Christian as they know how to be. Most of us, I believe, would say that they are less Christian than the others.

H. L.: What I am trying to get at is precisely what organised Christianity embraces in its contact with social affairs. Has the Church got any practical suggestions to make?

S. C.: You may say, to begin with, that while it takes what is called a sacramental view of life, it has no cut-and-dried programme.

H. L.: There are a large number of people who maintain that the Church can't stop short of a complete and thorough-going analysis of the bases and implications of the whole social system: and that unless Christians make that analysis they cannot assert that such-and-such a type of life is the moral life or the good life, because they can't be sure that it can be lived at all. They hate to

see the social restrictions that are imposed on man as he is. If they have aspirations about a good or moral life themselves, they must ask themselves what kind of society must be set up in order that one may have the setting to make that life possible. What I want to find out is—does the Church hold that the setting is essential for the good life? Take this society, in which there are people who simply can't lead a thorough, moral life, people who have been out of work for many years . . .

S. C.: Of course all Christians must agree that that is hateful.

H. L.: But is that enough? Does the Church only do the ambulance work, and leave the causes of the trouble untouched?

S. C.: Well, if there are wounded men somebody ought to do the ambulance work, but I entirely agree that it is much more important to make a fence at the top of the cliff than have an ambulance at the bottom.

H. L.: Yes, but what is the Church doing about it?

S. C.: The Church—and here I mean the whole universal Church—believes itself to be the Body of Christ. It exists to bring to bear the breath of God or the spirit of Christ on the world. There are two commandments—Love God, and Love your Neighbour. The Church sets itself to promote the love of God and human goodwill as far as may be all round—international goodwill—believing that the thing that is wanted most of all at present is literally that men shall learn to love. In the economic field I believe it is agreed that there is plenty to go round, but that it is the distribution that has gone wrong. Supposing that mankind all over the world were willing to consider one another. Then the problem of distribution would have been solved.

H. L.: You believe that?

S. C.: Yes, I do.

H. L.: But what are the social conditions necessary for the development of goodwill? Can you develop goodwill simply by talking, no matter in what conditions people have to live?

S. C.: All education includes a good deal of talking to people, but that obviously is not enough. If the existing situation is bad and hampers the development of goodwill, then that situation must be wrong and must be amended. It isn't for me, or for any Christian as such, to come out with any cut-and-dried scheme of social organisation—Socialism, Fascism, Currency Reform—and to say that this or that human device would put the world right. At the same time we must acknowledge that there are other sorts of social organisation than our own, and that we ought to be willing to face up to any change in the construction of society, however revolutionary, that may seem right.

H. L.: All right, I have been looking for the action corresponding to this facing up. Now science has been criticised by all sorts of people, including religious people, for changing what it says from one year to the next. I look upon that as its safeguard. It recognises that science is an evolutionary and developing thing and grows with the experience of mankind. I can go further than that, I think, and say that the complexion that science adopts at any given period is very closely co-related with the social developments that are taking place. Science is an outgrowth of society. Surely a similar case could be produced for a view of the Church. Some people regard the Church as a man-made organisation. They would say it has a complexion which is very closely co-related with the structure of society of the period and the social functions of particular classes. When you tell me that the Church has changed its view on this or that, they can also set alongside it the driving forces of society which have forced it to do so. That means that the scientists have been producers of social life, and the scope of their knowledge and experience never rises above what mankind has immediately found on practical experience. The question really at the back of the whole thing is—does the Church claim anything more?

S. C.: Yes, definitely. I do not in the least agree that the Church has merely registered the general progress. And the fact that the Church has never had a particularly easy time is one of the things which make me believe that the Church has been right.

H. L.: So that is its claim. Then I have to ask whether that is a mere paper claim, or whether the claim has been made good in practice?

S. C.: What has the Church done, in fact? There are some things of a more spectacular kind like the work of William Wilberforce and the Clapham Sect in the abolition of slavery, or the work of men like Charles Kingsley for public health, or some of the more striking chapters in the story of missions overseas; but in the main the Church's work has been permeation. It has stood for the worship of God, for the production of

the Christian character, and the service of man. Do you remember the words of the Catechism, 'to keep my hands from picking and stealing, my body in temperance, soberness and chastity'? Much of this has passed into the moral fibre of the people. The Church has induced a number of people who are not by nature willing to do so, to live, in their various ways, conscientious and laborious lives, and the kind of service which religious people have been induced to put in has greatly widened. It used to be goodwill mainly in individual personal terms, but now it is very much more commonly thought of in terms not less individual, but with a much wider social application.

H. L.: I see. But I could look at it from a different point of view. While you think that the Church's teaching has had an effect on social life, I could say that it is the development of society which has made the Church teach certain things. I would like at this point to refer to something which the engineer who took part in this series said. He maintained that the real reason ultimately why engineering science was being frustrated was the principle of private profit. Now, first, is that true? Secondly, if it is true, is the principle of private profit in industry compatible with the good life? And, thirdly, if it is not compatible, does the Church as an organisation standing for the good life, publicly condemn private profit and take steps to demand something better?

S. C.: I should think, myself, that the engineer is probably right. But you will find a wide divergence of opinion amongst Christians, as amongst non-Christians. The reason why the Church does not go about condemning private profit is simply that it doesn't wish to encourage a false emphasis on material things. It doesn't think that private profit is so important as all that. It thinks the good life can be lived irrespective of private profit.

H. L.: Are you prepared to assert to an audience of perhaps thirty million unemployed people in Europe that the good life can be lived by them—that the highest good life is within the bounds of possibility for them?

S. C.: No, I am not. But am I therefore illogical? I do passionately want them to have what I call more chance of leading the good life, and I don't see how that can be done until they are at least at work. But I am not prepared to say that Christianity is committed to any particular social order.

H. L.: But if we look back at the record of the Church we do see, I think, that in certain cases the Church has been committed to the *existing* order. What guarantee have you got that in looking back again, fifty years from now, you will not find that the Church of today was still tied up with the existing order?

S. C.: I see your point. I might say that in the beginning Christianity was the religion of the poor, and in the Middle Ages of everybody. But I will admit that a hundred years ago it is broadly true that the Church was in alliance with the possessing class. I don't think that it is true today. Consider the outcry which arose when the Archbishop of York entered into the question of Unemployment Benefit. That seems to me to show that what you may call the reactionaries are getting nervous. They would say that the Church is going over to the enemy, but what is really happening is that we are making once again the old Christian assertion that human personality is more important than property.

H. L.: Assertion by itself surely means little. Others have asserted it before, and more vehemently. It seems to me that it is still possible that looking back fifty years hence people may say of the Church, 'Individuals were talking about it, but as a Church they could not rise above the accepted assumptions of the society that supported them. So as a Church they did nothing'.

S. C.: Of course you can have no guarantee about fifty years hence. They probably will say it. It will not be true, but it will be wholesome for the Church to hear it. I think the answer really is this: that all the particular social theories which are put forward—Socialist, Fascist, Communist—as to how the community should be organised, are experimental theories. For the Christian who believes in Christian values as the basis of a way of living, every social theory must be tested against the Christian ethic. If any given social theory does not allow every individual to lead the good life in accordance with the mind of Christ, then that social system must be amended, or if it proves incapable of amendment, it must be discarded in favour of some other system which will make the good life a real possibility.

PROFESSOR LEVY: I am afraid this has been rather more of an argument than a conversation, but because of that it has been fruitful in many ways. Let us see what we can make of it for

our purposes. We have been discussing not so much the philosophical questions associated with values as the attitude of the Church and of Christians generally on these and other questions. At several stages Dr. Carpenter and I reached a deadlock. Now what are the usual reasons offered to justify a belief? Roughly speaking, they are facts that are capable of being directly checked, or capable of being inferred from such facts. The beliefs are tested directly or indirectly by acting on them. We apply them to actual situations in the world about us, and if they do not involve us in a deadlock we are satisfied that so far they are right. When a new situation arises where it doesn't work we recognise that here is a limitation imposed on the old belief, and we begin to recast it in an amended form. Thus our beliefs evolve by practising them on the world. That is part of our evolution. That is one of the things we mean by evolution.

Dr. Carpenter asserts, however, that there are certain things—an objective goodness is one of them—that don't change in this way. They are timeless. Consider an alternative point of view. For instance, goodness, or badness, represents our feelings about a state we get into as human beings in certain circumstances. It is reaction to an actual situation. It is a feeling. We have the feeling. We get familiar with the words good and bad, and presently we separate the idea out in our minds as if it were something apart from ourselves. *Goodness existing out there.* Having got it out there, and having idealised the word in this way, we begin to assume that there really is something out there for which this is the word. I wonder if that is really what is happening? To what extent do words play tricks with us? We shall have to ask a philologist about that. I want to suggest a possible theory we might act on in examining all such problems. I suggest that there are always three elements in any situation in which human beings find themselves. We feel, we think, and we act. I doubt if any of these three are ever really absent. Nor are we full human beings, I suggest, unless all three are brought to bear on any situation. What would this imply? It means that if we are faced with a problem, we cannot deal with it adequately by stifling any of these and handling it only by means of one of them. We must use all three. Dr. Carpenter is satisfied that he can arrive at an appreciation of some Absolute. Do you make a belief incorporate all three elements merely by calling it a belief? You may remember in an earlier talk I talked about 'believing behaviour'. At this stage it seems we ought to talk about 'feeling and thinking behaviour', if only to bring out the fact that all three must be interlocked as a unity for completeness—action, belief, and feeling. If we were to restrict ourselves to feeling alone it cannot act except as a dope or opium to the thought, and an inhibition against intelligent action. If we set aside an idealistic interpretation of the type Dr. Carpenter has offered, what remains?

Here we see a society struggling through confusion and misunderstanding, each member battling with the other to some sort of ordered life. Gradually it learns something about itself, about its own laws, and about the world it lives in. It does it, in many blundering ways, unconsciously. It discovers by bitter experience, by torturing itself, through its thinkers, by its control over physical nature, in fact by social feeling, thought and action, it discovers its laws of life. These laws are extracted by its wise men. They become its moral laws; its social laws, and its philosophies. Institutions, teachers, priests, spring up to perpetuate and expound these ideas, and the ideas become looked upon as the last word; unchanging, timeless. But Man has made these laws as he struggled, and as man himself changes in the struggle and his experience widens so he creates new laws, new modes of life, new art, new science, new values. From being leaders in thought, action, and feeling, its teachers, its priests, and its politicians may tend to become upholders of the past, and so the institutions from which they emerge would remain rooted in society long after their time has gone. I wonder if this is a correct picture; but it is social history and we shall have to wait until next week to explore it.

Listeners following the current series of talks on the Treaty of Versailles and After may be reminded of the excellent series of sketch maps drawn by J. F. Horrabin and recently published by Gollancz under the title *An Atlas of Current Affairs*. Seventy-four maps are given, of which 25 concern Europe, 11 the Near East, 7 the Far East, 8 Russia, 6 India, 7 Africa, and 10 America. Each map is accompanied by a page of explanatory comment, and it is hardly necessary to tell those who are acquainted with Mr. Horrabin's skill as draughtsman and cartoonist how clearly and vigorously the various geographical, economic, and political factors are brought out by his pen.

Queen Elizabeth's Subjects—VI

Some Women of the Queen's Court

By Dr. G. B. HARRISON

ON the whole—apart from Queen Elizabeth herself, who was exceptional in any sex or time—men were far more conspicuous than women in the Elizabethan age. Women, in theory and in law, were the weaker sex; but in fact there are so many stories of Elizabethan ladies of character, temper and tongue, that one need not unduly lament their disadvantages.

The Court was the apex of society, political and social, and most of the distinguished women of the age spent some part of their time in personal attendance on the Queen. Of her Court officials the most interesting—at least to young courtiers—were the Queen's Maids of Honour. There were six of them, chaperoned by an elderly lady, the Mother of the Maids. They were all ladies of good family, young, intelligent, and very attractive; and they were in immediate attendance on the Queen herself—an honourable duty, which had its disadvantages as well as its compensations. The Queen could be very charming and sympathetic—and this side of her character is not always sufficiently stressed by historians; but she could also be very uncertain in her temper, and when exasperated by anxieties and annoyances, she relieved her feelings on her ladies, sometimes with her hands. It must have been an uncomfortable life for the Maids, for they had little privacy. They slept in a dormitory, and they took their meals in the hall where the guards usually sat. They had their amusements, especially dancing; but the Queen was a great authority on dancing, which in those days was a very elaborate art, and used to supervise their practices; and if they did not dance to her liking, she told them so, bluntly.

On the other hand, there were compensations. The Queen was not easily accessible, and those who wished a good word to be said for them had often first to procure (or more vulgarly; to bribe) one of the Queen's ladies to speak for them. On more than one occasion they persuaded the Queen to make decisions of the greatest importance. The most momentous was when she all but committed herself to the marriage with the Duke of Anjou. She gave him a ring, and those who saw it feared that her decision had at last been irrevocably taken. When the Queen went back to her own apartments that night—so Camden records—'the Queen's gentlewomen, with whom she used to be familiar, lamented and bewailed, and did so terrify and vex her mind, that she spent the night in doubts and cares without sleep amongst those weeping and wailing females'. And next morning, the Queen changed her mind.

The Earl of Essex caused constant flutterings amongst the Maids of Honour, and the Court gossips of the time were continuously tattling of his flirtations. One Lady who found herself in great trouble on his account was the Lady Mary Howard, who was so distracted that she failed conspicuously in her duties. She even refused to carry the Queen's mantle at the hour when she took the air in the garden, and when reproved she so far forgot herself as to answer back; she was late in carrying the Queen's cup at dinner-time; and she was absent when the Queen went to prayer; all of which moved the Queen to call her 'an ungracious, flouting wench'. Lady Mary Howard was, however, taught a lesson. She liked fine clothes;

and she possessed a magnificent dress of velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls, which moved many to envy, including the Queen. One day the Queen sent privately for the dress and put it on. Then she came out amongst her horrified ladies. Now the Queen was several inches taller than Lady Mary. So she went round asking them each in turn how they liked her new dress, and when she came to the unfortunate owner, she demanded whether it was not made too short, and ill becoming, and the poor lady was obliged to agree. Then snapped out the Queen, 'Why then, if it become not me as being too short, I am

minded that it shall never become thee as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well'. And the dress was not seen again.

Not all the stories of the Maids of Honour are of this kind; some are moving and pathetic, such as that of Mistress Margaret Ratcliffe. She had a brother, Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, a fine and gallant soldier, and between these two there was a deep affection—like that of Viola and Sebastian. In 1599 Sir Alexander was killed in action in Ireland. When the news reached the Court, the Queen commanded it to be kept secret, for she would break it herself; Queen Elizabeth could be astonishingly sympathetic to others in times of sorrow. When the girl learnt it, she pined away and died of a broken heart a few months later, to the great sorrow of the whole Court.

Of the other ladies, and there were many, who were often to be seen at Court, none were more conspicuous than the four connected with the Earl of Essex—his mother, his wife, and his two sisters. His mother, the Lady Lettice Devereux, had formerly been a Maid of Honour; she was related to the Queen, who was fond of her. On the death of the elder Earl of Essex, she secretly married the great Earl of Leicester. The Queen was very angry and would have sent her to the Tower but was persuaded to relent. It was indeed an affair to arouse any woman's jealousy, for Queen Elizabeth had loved Leicester if she loved any man. She did not forgive the new Countess, who certainly asked for trouble, for she

came to Court, magnificently dressed, and so exasperated the Queen by her display that she was moved to box her ears, declaring 'that as there was but one sun that lighted the earth, so there should be but one at Court'. Years afterwards, Essex brought about a public reconciliation, and the two women embraced and kissed each other with many tears.

The three children of this Countess were Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, Lady Penelope and Lady Dorothy. Penelope Devereux, in her 'teens, had been violently loved by Sir Philip Sidney; she was the 'Stella' of his 'Astrophel and Stella'; but she was married, against her will, to Lord Rich. It was an ill-starred marriage. Lord Rich treated her unkindly, and after a time they parted. Penelope became openly the mistress of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Ultimately Lord Rich divorced her, but her marriage to Lord Mountjoy provoked enormous scandal, though no one had greatly troubled about their previous relationship. Penelope Devereux, however, was not one to care about gossip or public opinion.

Her sister Dorothy was equally a lady of spirit. Her first marriage was with Sir Thomas Perrot, son of the boisterous Sir John Perrot, who was generally believed to be one of



Elizabeth Lady Russell

From the painting at Bisham Abbey. Reproduced from 'Society Ladies of Shakespeare's Time'

Henry the Eighth's unacknowledged children. The lady, however, was soon left a widow, and then she married that very queer but interesting nobleman, Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, nicknamed the Wizard Earl. Their disagreement was a constant amusement to the Court. The Earl married late; he was thirty-one. His choice was very deliberate and, as he afterwards explained to his son, was founded on three practical considerations; first, that his wife should be neither ugly in body nor mind; second, 'that she should bring with her meat in her mouth'; and lastly, that her friends should be of that eminency that they would advance his fortunes. Unfortunately, he found that he had miscalculated in all three particulars; the lady was too much for him, and had an even hotter temper than his own; her dowry was less than he had supposed; and he quarrelled with Essex, her brother. After a few years, the Earl almost shuddered to speak of her, and their two daughters; but as he disliked his own brothers even more, he patched up a reconciliation with his wife until a male heir had been born.

Some years later Northumberland was imprisoned in the Tower because he was, quite unjustly, accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. His ferocious Countess now turned her attention against her husband's enemies; she told King James that he had only imprisoned her husband because he wished to fine him to pay for his own extravagances; and she so bitterly upbraided the Earl of Salisbury—the King's chief minister—that he wrote to Northumberland for protection! Nevertheless, it was some time before the Earl became at all fond of his wife; and in 1609—when he had been a prisoner for four years—he wrote a treatise of advice for his son and heir, of which one chapter of six was a warning that a nobleman should never let his wife manage any of his important affairs, with the most bitter and cynical comments on women in general, and wives in particular. Yet when the Countess died, the Earl was so prostrated with grief that his friends could only bring him round by reminding him of their former quarrels.

The mother and sisters of Essex were thus ladies of some spirit. His wife was less conspicuous. She was the widow of Sir Philip Sidney before Essex married her; a lady who suffered much, and more silently; and she won very general sympathy at the time of Essex's disgrace and after his death. On one occasion it was noted how her sorrow at her Lord's imprisonment was such that she came to Court dressed all in black and 'all she wore was not worth £5'—and this at a time when ladies' clothes were far more expensive than they are today. All four of them were recklessly loyal to Essex, and in the months before his fatal rebellion they made most arduous and fearless efforts to help him at Court.

Another who was well in the public eye was the Lady Elizabeth Russell, a lady with high connections, immense self-importance, and a perpetual grievance. She had married the heir to the Earl of Bedford, but, unfortunately, he died before succeeding to the title, to his wife's perpetual disappointment. The Lady Russell, in her own eyes and letters, was a poor lone widow, sadly misused. Her shrill letters constantly appear in the collections of State Papers. She was related to the Cecils, and expected both of them to pervert justice in her interests on all occasions. Her best effort, however, was just after the death of Queen Elizabeth. She and the Lord Admiral—the Earl of Nottingham—had for years disputed the possession of Donnington Castle. The Lady Russell went away to Wales, leaving the place in the possession of her servants. Hereupon the Lord Admiral—such were the hearty manners of these times—sent his own men to occupy by force, and defied the lady to turn him out. Lady Russell was angry; she lamented the wrong loudly and long. She approached King James in person, and as usual pleaded the poor, friendless, illused widow, but the King very wisely advised her to try the law. She therefore prosecuted the Admiral in the Court of Star Chamber for riotous and forcible entry. The Star Chamber consisted of the members of the Council sitting as a judicial body. As on other occasions the Lord Admiral was one of the senior members of the Court, proceedings were rather one-sided. Lady Russell's learned counsel were unwilling to urge her case against so distinguished a defendant, and after some time the Lord Chancellor rose to adjourn the Court as its members had to attend the King in Council. The Lady Russell's counsel left the bar. Then she desired to be heard on her own behalf, and when permission was denied, she rose



Lady Rich

From the painting at Lambeth Palace. Reproduced from 'Society Ladies of Shakespeare's Time', by Violet A. Wilson (Bodley Head)

and enlarged on her grievances for over half-an-hour. One after another the noble Lords tried to persuade her to stop; but still she went on. The spectators in Court began at first to murmur and then to make a loud noise. Still she went on without any show of discomposure, or in any way shouting. One of her grievances—an important point with such a person—was that the Lord Admiral had referred to her as the Lady Russell, and not as the Lady Dowager Russell. When the Earl of Northampton rose to point out that as she had never been Countess she could not be Dowager, she simply plucked him by the cloak to sit down, to his astonished indignation. It is not surprising that she lost her case.

After this tempestuous lady, it is perhaps best to return to the poets for an idealised picture. John Lyly in *Euphues and his England*—his sequel to the famous *Euphues*—has a long and flattering passage contrasting the ladies of Italy very unfavourably with the ladies of England. He is addressing the Italian ladies, and he concludes the passage thus: 'They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions though courtly because women, yet angels because virtuous'.

And Spenser, dedicating his 'Faerie Queene' to all likely patrons, ended with a sonnet 'to all the gracious and beautiful Ladies in the Court'—

If all the world to seek I over went,
A fairer crew yet nowhere could I see,
Than that brave court doth to mine eye present,
That the world's pride seems gathered there to be.

The soberer truth is that the women of Queen Elizabeth's Court were in their own ways as remarkable as the men.

In a brochure entitled *The Flood Hits the Spillways*, the Columbia Broadcasting System makes the calculation that, taking as a basis the U.S. Census figures of 1930, which showed that there were 12 million homes owning radio sets in the States, by January 1, 1934, there must have been close on 18 million. It is also calculated that during 1933 over 1.1 million sets were sold to homes which previously owned no radios.

Mind the Doctor—V

Refuge in Illness

By A DOCTOR

EVERY now and then you will see in the newspapers that someone has been found suffering from loss of memory. Usually he is taken to hospital by the police and there he lies for a time unable to recollect his own name. Everything in his past life is blotted out. He remembers a phrase or two, he may remember vaguely a journey, an interminable walk or a railway compartment. This may be all the doctors in charge of the case have to go on. There is no sign of any disease of his brain, but it is certainly an illness of the mind. Bit by bit by special methods his memory is brought back to the patient. Invariably you find that he has been running away from something; he has lost his memory because there is something that he does not wish to remember. In fact, it is so painful that he forgets for a time everything about himself, even his own identity.

The kind of thing he has been running away from is illustrated by those abortive marriage ceremonies when the bridegroom fails to turn up. More often than not someone resembling the bridegroom is reported to be in hospital, usually a far distant one, suffering from loss of memory. The causes of his inability to face marriage vary very much. Sometimes it is a childish dread of responsibility; sometimes the unhappy bridegroom is not sufficiently fond of his bride and has not the courage to say so. Sometimes he has fed her on airy promises when actually he had not the means to substantiate his day-dreams. Anyhow, he runs away, into the condition of complete loss of his own identity.

'Jekylls and Hydes'

Of dual personality I am sure you must often have heard. It excites a good deal of interest and even a certain amount of awe. The Jekylls and Hydes of this world have acquired a reputation beyond their deserts. Typical dual personality is another example of refuge in illness and a peculiar kind of mental illness, illness not only of losing one's identity but of changing it, of losing one's memory for everything that has gone before and displaying an entirely new set of characteristics. There was a famous case of a clergyman in an American town in the last century who one day disappeared entirely from his parish and from the knowledge of his friends. Almost simultaneously, although naturally no one noticed the coincidence at the time, there turned up in a town several hundred miles away a man who opened a little greengrocer's shop and ran it with moderate success for three years. In the meantime the clergyman was given up by his friends as dead and the incident almost forgotten. One morning the greengrocer woke up very surprised to find himself where he was, living over a greengrocer's shop, because he knew that he was the Rev. So-and-So, and that he was no greengrocer, but a clergyman. This was no convenient hoax with the object of playing upon the sympathy of the bereaved relatives. He was the Rev. So-and-So who had become tired of his job and whose life had become so distasteful that for three years he completely forgot who he was.

These are examples of what is meant by taking refuge in illness. Refuge in illness seems an odd contradiction in terms. Why should anyone be so curious in his tastes as to wish for illness? Various answers could be given. It is a question of a choice between alternatives, both of them unpleasant. To an outsider the illness may seem much the more hateful alternative, but the other factor, the unpleasant situation, may have a particular private meaning for the individual which surpasses all other considerations. This is the main reason why people take refuge in illness. They do it simply because they cannot help themselves. Emotions can be so strong that they carry people away, as everybody knows. They look on helplessly while they take a course of action of which their judgment disapproves.

The emotional forces that lead to such a result as complete loss of identity must obviously be very powerful. What leads to their producing such drastic results? It is a conflict among the emotional forces themselves. Health means that the emotions and feelings are more or less in harmony with one another and the ideals of the individual concerned. Ill health, morbid

anxiety, depression, paralysis or loss of memory signify that there has been a conflict between certain forces and tendencies. They mean that some tendency or other has been able to gain the upper hand only at the expense of loss of efficiency in the whole machinery of the mind.

Conflict means friction. Friction means heating up. The results of the machinery heating up are the symptoms. Hitherto, I have mentioned only mental symptoms like loss of memory as a result of conflict. But you can get physical disturbances from the same cause.

War Casualties Without Wounds

In shell-shock you have a good illustration of how physical symptoms can result from mental conflict. In every army during the last war there were many casualties of men who had never been wounded. They fell ill with paralysis of the limbs, blindness, deafness, and other symptoms of that kind. Very often it followed apparently on an explosion which had either deafened or blinded them by its violence or had buried them for a time. It was at first thought that the shell-burst must have produced hæmorrhage into the brain by a sudden increase of atmospheric pressure. But soon it was noticed that exactly the same symptoms might develop at a base camp in a man who had never been exposed to shell fire. It was then found that although the symptoms often appeared suddenly, the condition had usually been brewing for some time. His sleep had been broken by terrifying dreams. In fact, a conflict had been going on between his ideas of discipline and duty on the one hand and his self-preservative instinct on the other. One demanded that he should stay and face it out and the other that he should run away from danger. Both were very strong forces. The friction between them produced the physical disturbances, like palpitations, you have heard about in previous talks. This trouble went on for some time until one day a shell-burst arrived and either by direct physical means or by the sheer terror of it produced a temporary blindness, or deafness, or loss of power in the legs. This acted as a powerful suggestion which was promptly reinforced by the self-preservative sense and automatically kept up by it. The soldier was now disabled and could no longer perform his duty, yet his conscience was satisfied. A self-preservative tendency had produced a solution by seizing on the temporary disablement and making it lasting. The soldier did not realise how it had happened. He simply was disabled and he did not know why. Although the casualties in one army alone from this cause were about 6,000 a year, it is a tribute to human endurance that they did not occur far oftener.

Insurance Companies May Pay for a Broken Heart

To take refuge in illness means to get an advantage from it. It is a negative kind of advantage usually to avoid something. But there is sometimes another reason. There is sometimes definite gain to be obtained—some positive advantage, in fact. Suppose a man is on piecework and is a slow worker by nature; the pace is too hot for him. He gets into trouble with his overseer, who may be an unsympathetic kind of man. The man begins to be afraid that he will lose his job. The fear generates functional symptoms and his anxiety soon focusses on these. He goes to his doctor, and gets a certificate that he is suffering from 'nerves'. Being on the sick list he retains the job which otherwise he might have lost. Or suppose a man is in a railway accident and is not hurt, but only frightened. Fear has the usual effect. It gives him bodily sensations of an unusual kind and he focusses his attention on them. This time the motive working unconsciously is the knowledge that money can be obtained as compensation for the railway accident. He knows about the financial possibilities. He does not know that a wish for compensation can contribute to the production of symptoms. Here there is a positive advantage in being ill—the very tangible advantage of a reward of money. Of course it sometimes happens that the two things coincide. Somebody who is very unhappy in his personal affairs may become involved in, say, a railway or motor-car accident; and so it sometimes happens that the insurance company pays compensation

not so much for an injury received as for a privately broken heart.

Mental Distress—Not 'Funk'

This refuge in illness is visibly stupid and painful and humiliating. Yet some people are dragged towards it by their own emotions in spite of themselves, as the rest of us can be fascinated and attracted by some repulsive spectacle.

You might think that still another explanation is possible. It seems sometimes very like sheer funk under the pretence of illness and in some cases this may be true; but it is not usually sheer pretence. It is often the result of acute mental distress. You can see this from what happens to those who have *not* the capacity for subduing the pain by forgetting all about it, even at the expense of forgetting everything else. No less a person than Abraham Lincoln failed to turn up on the day set for his wedding with Mary Todd. After a long wait the guests went away and Lincoln was found sitting alone in a state of profound depression of spirits; he had delusions of worthlessness and was in a state of complete hopelessness. He said, 'If what I feel were equally distributed through the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. If I shall ever be better I cannot tell; I awfully forbode I shall not'.

In an example like that we readily recognise the effect of an acute mental conflict, because the resulting mental distress and dejection are so frank and undisguised. But the conditions we have been talking of are due to the same cause, if only we would recognise it.

You will ask, 'How does it prove possible for some people not to know their own identity, not to recognise that such a disability as a paralysed leg or a morbid fear is a refuge from something, or a sign of a desire for something else?' The answer is summed up in the famous word 'repression'. Repression is apt to occur whenever strong and unpleasant emotions are involved. Even in science where emotion is supposed to play less part than anywhere, Darwin wrote that for many years he followed a golden rule, namely, that, 'Whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came to me that was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once, for I found by experience that such facts or thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favourable ones'. Note that repression occurs automatically—that is, when the person in whom it occurs is not looking, so to speak. In Darwin's case it was almost as if the fact being unfavourable was in itself sufficient to prevent its coming into his conscious mind to contradict what was there at the moment. Of two conflicting facts, one is automatically repressed. To say that it is automatic, is equivalent to saying that the repression occurs unconsciously.

Dreams That Are an Escape from Reality

But you will find the almost direct evidence of conflict resulting in repression in the case of dreams. A young woman may dream about her fiancé's funeral and may wake up weeping and, being superstitious, may ring up her fiancé to see if he is all right. He usually is. If her fiancé is psychologically instructed he will not be surprised if some months later she breaks off the engagement. Her subsequent action in breaking off the engagement shows the meaning of the dream plainly enough. She wants to find a way out of marrying him. In the dream the solution presents itself as her fiancé's death, which certainly would have saved her a great deal of trouble. At that time her wish was so well repressed that, on waking, what she consciously felt was anxiety showing itself in telephoning her fiancé to reassure herself that he was all right. Only later did she exhibit directly her real feelings to herself in breaking the thing off. Here, then, was conflict between wish and conscience or duty, with the repression of one of them. The repression is, however, inadequate, and it breaks out disguised in the dreams. Finally, the wish to break it off will no longer be repressed and she takes action. Dreams such as this imaginary one depend on a conflict between two wishes or upon a conflict of desire with conscience. Such dreams show how repression operates to keep one side of a conflict out of consciousness.

Similarly, the paralysed limb of the shell-shocked soldier is the result of a conflict between a wish to escape on the one hand, and conscience or sense of duty on the other. Repression of the wish occurs. The integrity of conscience is maintained. But the wish is repressed from consciousness only to pop up in another direction, in the form of disabling symptoms like paralysis or blindness. Some people take a far more chronic re-

fuge than this. They are the chronic invalids in whom no one can find any actual physical disability whatever.

What happens to a wish when it is repressed? There is a great deal more in the mind than meets the eye. All the conflicts I have mentioned go on in great part unconsciously. So when a doctor is confronted with a symptom which he suspects comes from the mind, he asks himself: 'What is the purpose of the symptom? What has the patient to gain by it? What is he trying to do?' But this does not mean that he expects the patient to tell him. The patient himself does not know. He does not know all the conflicting forces within himself and consequently he does not know the true reason for his illness. This notion of the unconscious purpose of illness is a very important one. For example, a business man who is doing a lot of travelling may feel that he cannot travel by train, because to be in a railway compartment produces a sense of morbid fear. He tries repeatedly to overcome the fear, but it always overcomes him at the crucial moment. Let us imagine that the investigation shows that he has recently been disappointed in promotion, and that in addition his work until this year has been entirely indoors and administrative, which he much preferred. He feels very strongly about it all and is unable to reconcile himself to being on the road. He feels that his firm have been ungrateful and have not understood him. Then he develops symptoms which seem quite mysterious to him. They serve a purpose. They give him a ready-made reason for not doing the distasteful type of work. But he does not know that this is the nature of his symptoms, and he is probably very reluctant not only to admit that a feeling of ill-usage has anything to do with it, but that he feels ill-used at all. So you see the mental process by which people are enabled to take refuge in illness is chiefly an automatic repression of wishes and ideas that they are not able to admit to themselves. These wishes and ideas are then said to be unconscious.

Uses of the 'Refuge' Illness—and its Cure

Refuge in illness has its uses and purposes. It enables one to avoid certain responsibilities or unpleasant situations, and may even sometimes enable one to get something, whether it is the services of other people, their attention and sympathy, or sometimes an actual financial gain. It is a very frequent refuge—far more frequent than most people realise. One of the most important points is that it is not a completely wilful thing; it often happens because the emotional forces concerned have got beyond conscious control.

What can the doctor do about it? He has first of all to make up his mind whether the symptoms from which the patient is suffering are the result of mental conflict and not of physical disease. It is not always an easy task, but there is seldom any doubt in the end. Then he has to discover the purpose of the symptoms, he has to get to know as far as he can, what has been going on in the patient's mind and in his circumstances, that would produce mental conflict of the intensity necessary to cause the symptoms. The next step is the hardest of all, because it consists in getting the patient to admit to himself the existence of such conflicts in his mind. Then he has to be taught a better way of solving his perplexities, but that is not so difficult once he has recognised the component parts of the conflict. All this takes time, but is worth it in the end, in the reward of a fuller life, instead of semi-invalidism.

Safety on the Road

A BROADCAST on May 7 by a London 'bus-driver gave what, in his view, were common causes of accidents on the road:

Careless crossing of the road by pedestrians. Two women had walked across in front of his stationary 'bus and were nearly knocked down by an oncoming car, which had to brake violently and risk a collision with a following vehicle.

Careless driving by women motorists. A driver swung her car from the near-side kerb diagonally across the road and stopped. The 'bus following had to pull up very suddenly. Fortunately the road was dry.

Slow drivers hugging the crown of the road and suddenly pulling to the side with no warning signal. Drivers stopping suddenly—say on the off-side of a moving stream of traffic—to ask the way of a policeman, so that the car behind wheels, without warning, into the *near-side* line of moving vehicles.

On the whole, the broadcaster said, he had seen very little of really bad driving: but there was some silly and careless behaviour which made driving difficult and dangerous.

Pillars of the English Church—IX

Thomas Arnold

By the Rev. Canon C. E. RAVEN

The first of four talks by the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge on Prophets, which form the third and concluding section of this series

IN the dark days of the Jewish kingdoms, when the pressure of heathen neighbours from without and of luxury and oppression from within almost overwhelmed the distinctive religion of Israel, it was the succession of prophets, witnessing faithfully in loneliness and peril to God and His righteousness, that alone kept alive the soul of the people and made possible their future destiny. So, amid the difficulties and changes of the nineteenth century, it was by a few heroic and prophetic teachers that the Church was enabled to face the issues of the time.

The industrial movement had transformed the social life of Britain, creating a new urban population and dividing the country into two nations. The new knowledge gave to mankind not only the excitement of revolutionary discoveries but a changed outlook upon nature, upon history and upon the meaning of life. The development of historical research and of critical studies demanded a radical reform of religious thought, and threatened to make Christianity as then understood appear superstitious and out of date. Faced with these new conditions, both Church and State were ill-equipped to meet them. The governing class was a small hereditary aristocracy, tenacious of privilege, blind to the sufferings of its oppressed wage-earners, prepared to follow a policy of *laissez-faire* which could only have led to revolution. The universities and schools clung close to the tradition of a purely classical education, resisted every project of change, and neither realised the significance of the times nor were fit to train men to meet their needs. The Church, weakened by its failure to keep the Methodist movement within its communion, rotten with ancient abuses, hostile to the progress of discovery and of reform, seemed to many, as it seemed to Thomas Arnold, so corrupt that no human power could save it. A violent revolution, a wholly secular education, a complete estrangement between Church and people—these appeared almost inevitable in the generation following the Napoleonic wars. Arnold, who foretold such results, was the first of a succession of Anglican clergy to succeed in forestalling them.

Born at Cowes in 1795, dying suddenly when just forty-seven, and without special advantages of birth or station, Arnold was one of those rare and dynamic personalities which by sheer energy impress themselves upon their contemporaries and influence posterity. There was in him an exuberant vitality, a singleness of mind and a breadth of interest, that gave him at once the power of a fanatic and the vision of a statesman. A man of almost insular independence, his love of travel, his devotion to history and his admiration for Niebuhr and Bunsen saved him from narrowness of outlook. A bonny fighter, his pugnacity was accompanied by an honesty and a

generosity that won the admiration of his opponents. A Puritan in moral earnestness, his happy marriage and domestic tastes kept warm his affections and saved him from priggishness. A whole-hearted disciple of Christ, he had won a Christ-centred faith through doubt and intellectual effort, and from them had learnt to call nothing common or unclean.

It was his religion that gave unity and power to his life; and that religion was an intense and personal devotion to Jesus

Christ, as his example, his guide and his ever-present Lord. To this faith all questions of creed and of Church order, of sect or form of worship were wholly secondary. Accepting Christ's gospel of God as the Father, he tried to see all human relationships as those of God's family. School and University, Church and Commonwealth, Britain and the world, in all of them he saw the possibility of family life; in all of them the children of God should live in kinship. Such family life demanded from every individual a full sense of re-

sponsibility and the full contribution of all his powers; it demanded also a sympathy for the weaker brethren expressing itself in a lifetime of service. Indifference to the sufferings of others, reliance upon wealth or privilege, acquiescence in traditional abuses—these things wherever they occurred roused him to a passion of protest. If he was equally opposed to Toryism and to Jacobinism, if Oxford thought him too broad and London too narrow, if Mr. Lytton Strachey sneers at his ideal of the Christian gentleman, and Dr. Carpenter condemns his radical programme of Church reform, it is because he saw one thing plainly and followed it with a singular consistency. To some of us that one thing seems the one thing necessary both for the individual and for society. That one thing was Jesus Christ.

His faith was the centre and source of his own rich and vivid personality: from it he drew his passion for fulness of life. Confronted with the social evils of his time, with its intellectual perplexity and its religious deadness, he threw himself into a crusade of reform.

Though his work as a schoolmaster gave him little direct influence upon politics, and though he had constantly to bear reproach for meddling in matters outside his province, it was his sense of the social evils of his time that was the background of his activities both in scholarship and in education. England was divided into two nations: there was 'an austere separation between the educated and the working classes', and unless 'a more conciliatory style of intercourse between them could be established, a tremendous revolution must come'. This conviction drove him to utterances as vigorous as those of Carlyle. 'A man sets up a factory and wants hands', he writes. 'I beseech you, sir, to observe the very expressions that are

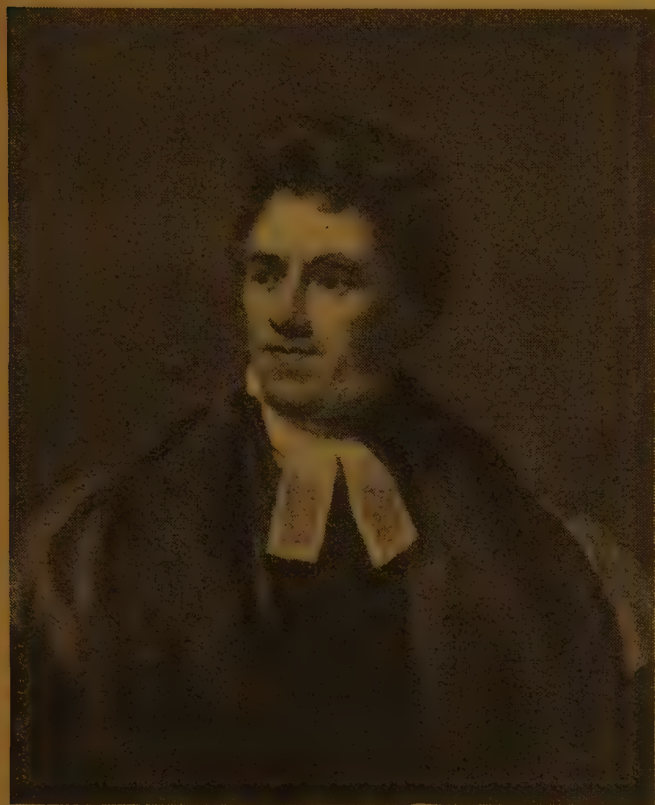
*Dr. Arnold reported the news
when the Lord called he chastened
and brought every son whom he
reneweth
Dr. Arnold answered with great
simplicity "if ye are well and cheerful
meet them as ye bested do not
fear" H
He dwelt several times on the
word "Blessed are they that
have not seen yet have believed
and told his wife that his
heart was "gushing with love
to God"
Some after which he
practical attempts had*

*had left him for a moment to pre-
pare his medicine, when he heard
a convulsive movement, and a
slight gasp for breath. He then
found he found that all was
over.
So fled to the home of his
God to the presence of his Father
the Spirit of our Father most
faithful towards of Christ's
truest disciples.
So he the Church of God
lost one of her pillars, one of
her brightest and purest lights.
So he England lost one of her
best and best & greatest men
to her all who know it*

Pages from the diary of a master at Rugby School, describing Dr. Arnold's death (1842)

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used, for they are all significant. What he wants of his fellow-creatures is the loan of their hands—of their heads and hearts he thinks nothing. These hands are attached to certain mouths and bodies which must be fed and lodged; but this must be done as cheaply as possible. . . . But further, sir, these hands are attached to reasonable minds and to immortal souls. The mouths and bodies must be provided for, however miserably, because without them the hands cannot work; but the minds and souls go utterly unregarded. Is this any other than a national crime?’



Dr. Arnold, by Thomas Phillips, R.A.

Such views he advocated in his own short-lived weekly newspaper, *The Englishman's Register*, and in a succession of articles in other journals. His basal belief was that only a sympathy springing from religion and expressing itself in education would overcome the evil: but before education could be given, there must be a higher standard of living, a measure of economic freedom, a redress of manifest evils. Drastic and appropriate reform was the first necessity.

His own premature death gave him no opportunity of translating his demand into a programme; and he was too intelligent to suppose that the remedy was easy or obvious. Indeed, often he was so bewildered by the sense of its difficulty and of his own helplessness that he was tempted to leave Britain and devote his energies to building up a better social order in one of the newly-developing colonies. 'If they would make me Bishop in New Zealand, I would go out tomorrow, to live and die there if there was any prospect of rearing any hopeful form of society'. But he did something more than denounce and protest. 'I have been trying', he writes to Carlyle, 'to form a society, the object of which should be to collect information as to every point in the condition of the poor throughout the kingdom and to call public attention to it by every possible means'. And in his educational work he set before his pupils continually the problems which pressed heavily upon him. Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, Christian Socialist, and pioneer of the Co-operative Movement, was not the only old Rugbeian to go out from Arnold's classroom with his soul stirred to devote himself to a lifetime of social service.

His educational work, thanks to Hughes' masterpiece and to its universal influence, is well known; and Mr. Arnold Whitridge's recent book has dealt fully with it. He found education in the public schools under the two-headed tyranny of the cane and the classics. If the annals of Keate's headship

of Eton (eighty boys flogged in a single day) cannot be taken as typical, the horrors of boyhood under the regime of the period are almost comparable with those of the workers in mines and factories. Cowper and Crabbe, Sydney Smith and Lord Shaftesbury combine to warn us that Dotheboys Hall was hardly a caricature. Arnold's ideal of the Public School with its prefects and its fagging, its classical tradition and its Chapel services, is nowadays a familiar target for criticism: but the changes that he effected in reforming the discipline, purifying the moral tone, and broadening the curriculum remain his chief and imperishable monument. For himself he might well be afraid to dethrone the time-worn programme of classical studies—a programme still unique in its power to foster both accuracy and imagination—but by his method of applying the lessons of the ancient culture to modern conditions, by his inclusion of French, German, Mathematics and History in the time-table, by his raising of the status of the assistant masters, and by his emphasis on the training of character, he re-shaped education and made possible developments which he did not live to see.

Here, as always, he welcomed change as an opportunity and a romance. The new knowledge, though on its scientific side it was beyond his appreciation, thrilled and attracted him. Obscurantism and the refusal to face facts were anathema to him. 'I learned from him', says one of his old pupils 'what I could not have learned as well anywhere else, how to learn anything I wanted'.

Arnold's own greatest achievement is not in social reform nor even in education. It is in the development of the historical method of study, and in its application to the Bible. At a time when belief in infallibility was almost universal, and when Churchmen clung rigidly to the literal truth of every word of Scripture, Arnold did not hesitate to apply what he had learnt from Niebuhr and used in his own work upon Thucydides and Roman history, to the sacred books. Thus he saw and taught that the revelation in the Old Testament was progressive and preparatory, that its value was conditioned by the characters and circumstances of its authors, and that if Christ was what Christians believe, then every other revelation must be secondary to Him. If he could not fully foresee the consequences of a wholesale use of critical and historical method, he at least saw that it destroyed the old barriers between sacred and secular, Church and State; that it was inconsistent alike with the other-worldly piety of the Evangelicals and with the ecclesiastical arrogance of Tractarianism; and that it involved new concepts of the universality of God, of the nature of the Church, and of the place of religion in education and every other human effort. Many of the changes for which he argued have been already accomplished: some are more slowly being attained. But in many directions in which his critics still condemn him some of us believe him to be a true prophet. It is at least certain that it is under the influence of his spirit and by the acceptance of his principles that the Church has escaped the fate which he thought humanly inevitable.

Springpiece

The small householder now comes out warily
 Afraid of the barrage of sun that shouts cheerily,
 Spring is massing forces, birds wink in air,
 The battlemented chestnuts volley green fire,
 The pigeons banking on the wind, the hoots of cars,
 Stir him to run wild, gamble on horses, buy cigars;
 Joy lies before him to be ladled and lapped from his hand—
 Only that behind him, in the shade of his villa, memories
 stand
 Breathing on his neck and muttering that all this has happened
 before,
 Keep the wind out, cast no clout, try no unwarranted jaunts
 untried before,
 But let the spring slide by nor think to board its car
 For it rides West to where the tangles of scrap-iron are;
 Do not walk, these voices say, between the bucking clouds
 alone
 Or you may loiter into a suddenly howling crater, or fall,
 jerked back, garrotted by the sun.

LOUIS MACNEICE

In Trouble—III

The Work of a Probation Officer

By A PROBATION OFFICER

The probation system was set up by an Act of Parliament in 1907, and its object is to make into decent members of society individuals who are behaving in an anti-social way

AMONG the large number of people who appear in the criminal courts and are found guilty of crime, those are chosen for probation who, by reason of their character, antecedents, and the other circumstances of the case, seem likely to respond to firm and friendly handling on the lines I have mentioned, without immediate punishment. There are thoughtless criminals, there are criminals under the pressure of circumstances who, if they can be made to think or have the pressure lightened, will quickly turn to better ways. Often the shock of appearing in court and of being made to realise his position gives a man the first impulse to repentance. The mere fact that the crash has come can be a relief and a clearing of the way. Treated with lenience, yet with a clear warning of the consequences of failure to turn over a new leaf, many of these persons can be recovered, and do recover. This recovery is the business of the probation officer.

A probation officer is appointed to every criminal court throughout this country under the Probation of Offenders Act, 1907, as extended by later Statutes; where possible there is a man for the men and lads, and a woman for the women and girls. In London they are appointed by the Home Office and outside London by the Justices. They are often also the agents of voluntary societies.

Among the duties laid upon the probation officer by the law are those of watching over the probationer to see that he carries out his undertakings to the Court, of advising him, helping him and befriending him, and, when necessary, helping him to get work. Persons released on probation have to undertake to be of good behaviour and to appear for sentence when called upon at any time within the period fixed, which never exceeds three years. Twelve months is usual. The Court adds any conditions suitable to the particular case—to lead an honest and industrious life, to reside where directed, to keep away from bad company, to abstain from drink, and so on.

Probation Does Not Mean Letting-Off

It is most important to realise that probation does not mean letting off. The punishment is merely suspended. If the probationer does not take advantage of his chance he can be brought up and punished for his original offence, or for any breach of his undertaking. If only punished for a breach, he still remains on probation for the term fixed. If he commits a new offence he is still liable to be punished for the old one. In fact, probationers who do not take the matter seriously very quickly find that they cannot 'get away with it'. A probationer may be made to pay compensation, which sometimes is wise as bringing home to the offender the seriousness of his offence, and is just to the injured party.

It sometimes isn't realised that people can be placed on probation for *any* offence except murder. The whole circumstances of the offender and his offence must be considered. The proper course, after the offence is proved—and it may be a serious crime—is to remand the offender who appears suitable for probation, and to get from the probation officer and others the fullest information possible about his personal characteristics, his mental condition, and his history. On these materials, the choice of the best method of dealing with the accused can be made. It won't always be probation. Sometimes, perhaps, the best thing is to send a lad to Borstal. I feel absolutely sure, after twenty-two years' experience and after dealing with all sorts of offenders, that the probation system has long passed its period of probation, and is a demonstrated success.

The probation officer must be a very human person, with balance of brain and heart, with an undying faith in God and man—a supreme optimist and endowed with tact and a sense of humour. He must be easy of approach, easy to get on with, and ready and able to work with others; much of the success of probation depends on co-operation with others. With these assets the results accomplished are perfectly amazing. I have seen men and women sink into degradation, but I have also had the joy of seeing them rise to unexpected

heights, even after the bottom appeared to have been knocked out of everything that they held most dear.

The probation officer is the confidential friend to whom secrets can be told without their ever being repeated. When sympathetically handled, offenders often let the officer pass on to the Court particulars they have given him, and these are of the utmost value to the Court in arriving at a sound decision. A remand is not only of value to secure information. At the end of it the accused is quite often in a more amenable frame of mind. He has had an opportunity of reflection and time to realise his position.

Training and Employment

A useful adjunct of probation is the probation home. The ideal of probation is to deal with the probationer in his own home, but unfortunately many homes are bad training grounds and a lad must sometimes be got away for a time. He may be so troublesome that even good parents are helpless. Then a temporary removal to a place where he can regain his self-respect, and be taught his first lessons in discipline, regular habits and occupation, often works miracles. After six months he is fit once more to take his place in the world, and to be restored to his family. In all cases, if the family life of the young offender is wholesome, however poor the home is, I always encourage the prodigal to look forward to his return home. On leaving a training home, a boy is supplied with working kit and suitable employment, whenever possible. In most cases this means immediate work.

Who are the persons who find their way into a Police Court? Just people like ourselves, but less fortunate in that they have either had bad surroundings when young, been subjected to great temptation, or not had moral strength to resist bad influences. In the Court where I work I find myself dealing with offenders drawn from every class of society; every one presents his own peculiar problem. Each one has to be studied and understood and dealt with accordingly. I think sometimes there is a false idea about those who should be placed on probation. It is only a few years ago that I was told by a probation officer that in his Court the Justices never put on probation anyone over 16. In another place I was told it was thought useless to try probation for anyone over 21. I have had put under my care men and lads of all ages, from quite young lads to an ancient of three score years and ten—some with no convictions, some with one, two or three, and some who have found themselves in advancing years with a long criminal record. More than one of the latter, dating back to the times when offenders were treated with less understanding than today, has been justified in saying to the court, 'Sir, I've never had a chance. It has been prison, prison, prison, all my life'; often that plea has not fallen on deaf ears. It is true that an elderly back-slider is not often a hopeful subject for probation but occasionally a man is found who is 'fed up' with being in and out of prison, and has a more or less clear wish to set some pause of decency between himself and his end. When I think of the army of men and lads who have passed through my hands, and the high percentage of them who have made good, I shudder to think of a Court without the probation system, the probation officer, and all he stands for.

Winning the Offender's Confidence

What does the probation officer do to bring about a change in those who come under his care? In the first place, he gets to understand the other fellow's point of view, wins his confidence, finds out what has made him go wrong, and if he shows no sign or sorrow or regret for his wrong-doing, he works to bring about a change *within* the man, without which there can be no lasting success. Some defendants are very sorry—not for what they have done, but for the fact that they have been found out. On the other hand there are, as I have said, many in whom a real lasting change is wrought by the shock of arrest, and the pain and misery which follows, so often to

those who have never deserved it—parents, or wife, or husband, as the case may be. In such cases the probation officer can often bring comfort to those in sorrow.

I think if I give you a few details of one or two actual cases, it will help you to imagine for yourselves the sort of work we probation officers are doing. A young man near the end of his training for a profession, committed a theft. It was a very audacious one and there he stood, faced with a charge which, if he were convicted and imprisoned, would wreck his career and bring with it misery for himself and his people. He was put on probation under my supervision. Now that meant that instead of going to prison he continued his training, and passed into his profession. He perfectly justified the Magistrate's decision by behaving himself just as we believed he would. He has since risen to a high place in his profession.

A man who seemed to be a hopeless drunkard ended up by trying to take his own life. The case was not promising, and I was regarded as a foolish optimist in offering to take it on. But the man responded to patient efforts. I put him in entirely new surroundings, and thereby found him new friends and new interests. I had to get him into the frame of mind where he would begin co-operating with me and others, without which the whole process would break down. I got him to make me a promise, and he stuck to it. No easy matter—our early days together were anxious ones. He lived to conquer his enemy and to be restored to his family. I was in touch with

him for years after his probation period ran out, and he was still holding his ground.

One more case. A youngster was brought up in a Poor Law School with no other relation than a brother in the Army, and found himself out of a job. He had no Unemployment Insurance Benefit, no food, and was weary and hungry after fruitless tramping for work, while his clothes grew shabbier day by day. Finally, he wandered into a restaurant, ordered a modest meal, and when he got the bill, politely, but with shame, just said that he had no money, and added, 'I only did it because I was so very hungry, Sir'. Here again probation was used. I got him a good meal and some clothes straight away. Then I arranged to put him in a training home, and at the end of six months there I got him work in a good trade. He never looked back, proved a hard worker with an intelligent interest in his work, and a determination to make good. He eventually became a good journeyman, earning his £4 a week. I started his first Savings Book, and when I last saw him, long after his probation was up, he was still in good work, with a good kit of clothes and £60 in the Bank.

The probation officer has fields of activity other than those provided by the law. Often his visits to a home make him the friend not only of the probationer but of the whole family, and he finds that in the end through his influence, advice and help, the whole household is the better in many ways.

Economics in a Changing World

Man Reflected in the Economic System

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

I HAVE had a letter from a listener which I propose to quote at some length, because I am convinced that he is asking questions typical of those in many minds at the present moment. Here it is:

I have read reams of stuff by orthodox and unorthodox economists and financial 'experts'. I have waded through the credit reform literature of Douglas, Kitson and variations thereon, the gold standardites and the antis; and my mind is just a swirl. For a time I thought that Howard Scott of Technocracy fame had found the lynch pin, but now I am not so sure. I have listened to you but you don't quite solve my problems.

The other day I asked some stockbrokers in the train what would happen—not to stockbrokers alone, but to all of us—if the Government decided to print sufficient £1 Treasury notes to enable them to pay off all the National War Debt bondholders. I forget what the amount is and I forget whether the stockbrokers howled inflation or deflation. I can't recollect which is which or what either of them do. Anyhow, the stockbrokers said I was mad and refused to explain. I'm not a bit mad.

Now I really honestly wanted to know and I still want to know. This isn't a pose, but a real, genuine, honest-to-god desire to find out from somebody who can talk as to a little child, just what would happen to currencies, investments, production, distribution and me—the worker and consumer—if the State made sufficient money to pay off all those debts. It's certain that something would happen. Now will you tell me? I do not belong to any political party or financial or economic cult of any kind.

At the risk of being abused—not by my correspondent, for he sounds too nice for that—I want to say that the immediate effect of his proposal would be something approaching chaos. What he is proposing would, of course, be a very rapid and very large inflation. He would in fact be rocking the economic boat to such an extent that he might capsize it. What would happen then? The survivors would find themselves sitting on an economic boat which was upside down. In other words, to quote a famous Admiralty instruction which I once saw marked on a package, it would be a case of 'Top marked bottom to avoid mistake'.

The German economic system went through a big inflation and the internal debt was virtually wiped out. In other words creditors who owned titles to wealth found that the titles had become valueless. Now the activities of the printing press in Germany did not alter, by one fraction of any unit you like to take, the quantity of real wealth inside the German state. The number of boots, roads, motor-cars, sausages, houses,

machines, forests, etc., remained the same, but when the inflation came to an end the ownership of these things had changed hands. Many people who had been at the top were at the bottom. But, it may be argued, others who had been at the bottom were presumably at the top. Yes—but at the top of what? An economic boat which was upside down, and such a boat is difficult to navigate. One consequence of the inflation in Germany was a dire shortage of working capital. By this time I am sure my correspondent is saying 'Yes, Yes, Yes—all this is very entertaining, but you are avoiding the issue'. I deny that charge. I have to approach the issue in this indirect manner because the trouble about my correspondent is that he does not understand anything about the construction and shape of the existing economic boat. If he had clearly in his head the nature of our present economic system, he would see that in principle it is a reflection of certain human 'behaviours'—I'm not a psychologist so I apologise for not knowing the right word—of which the profit-making motive is one of the most important. If all men were angels and every man always thought of every other man before he thought of himself, our economic system would be quite different from what it is. If every man was what the older economic text-books used to call 'the economic man'—a gentleman who might be expected to say to an unemployed man, 'You are producing nothing, therefore you must consume nothing and shall die'—then again our economic system would be something different from what it is; most of us would agree to that. Such a person would clearly be a devil. Now in fact men are neither wholly devilish nor wholly angelic and so our economic arrangements are a compromise between the heaven in which everyone willingly and cheerfully works strenuously not for himself but for humanity and the hell of a hundred-per-cent. *laissez-faire* economy.

This compromise is not a static thing. At the present time attempts are being made all over the world—we call them 'planned economies'—to move away from *laissez-faire* and towards collectivism. I give you three quotations I have found lately in support of my point:

First Roosevelt. There was once an American President called Cleveland who said that 'public office is a public trust'. Roosevelt, in his new book *On Our Way*, extends this principle and says 'Private office is a public trust'; he also says:

Why, in all commonsense, should we apply one rule to government and another rule to private business and the private professions? After all, there is very little distinction, so far as the effect on human things is concerned, between the use of the authority of an alderman or a supervisor who rules over a thousand citizens and that of the President of a company who rules over a thousand employees and stockholders.

My second example is taken from the Annual Report of the Director of the International Labour Office. Mr. Harold Butler says:

The prolonged and relentless pressure which the crisis has exercised on the world has finally resulted in the overthrow of political institutions in some of the countries which have been most highly tried and in destroying the faith of others in the economic principles by which they had been guided for generations. That such revolutionary changes should have taken place is scarcely a matter for surprise. There is a point beyond which human nature revolts against distress and still more against the indefinite prospect of distress. When unemployment has continued for winter after winter without any adequate relief and without any sign of early alleviation, when the farmer and the peasant are reduced to penury by inability to sell the fruit of their labour at a reasonable price, when the flow of capital and credit is reduced to a precarious trickle, the bounds of psychological endurance are eventually reached. In the end a tidal wave is generated which is apt to sweep away not only governments but constitutions, not only economic policies but even economic creeds which have long been worshipped with religious devotion.

Mr. Butler then describes certain features in the U.S.A., Germany, Italy and Russia, and goes on:

Although the notions and aims guiding these four countries and their rulers were markedly dissimilar, all of them had alike abandoned to a greater or lesser degree the principles which had governed economic thinking and social statesmanship during the last century. Each of them challenged the validity of those principles by confronting them with an alternative method of solving the problem of the State's functions in relation both to the country's internal economy and to its financial and commercial relationships with the rest of the world. By different constitutional means and animated by very different philosophies, each of them moved definitely in the direction of a planned or managed economy in substitution for the self-regulating or *laissez-faire* system.

My third example is taken from a speech delivered by Mr. Hore-Belisha at Plymouth. The speaker is Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He referred to the fact that 'throughout the world the passage over from a *laissez-faire* to an ordered society was in progress', and he spoke of 'the change from unrestrained competitive individualism to conscious control, from profit-making as the sole spur of effort to the idea of service'.

Now what has all this to do with my correspondent's letter? It goes to the root of the matter which is worrying him. I think he is clearly indignant at the spectacle of starvation in the midst of plenty, of the appalling sight of men deliberately creating a condition of scarcity as a remedy for the breakdowns of an economic system whose purpose is to create wealth for consumption purposes. As a remedy he considers the possibility of wiping out debt. But what he does not appreciate is that such an action is only the technical equivalent of wiping out certain fundamental notions about rights of property which are still pretty widely held and which are to a certain extent the keel, as it were, of the present economic boat. Mark you—one must not be extreme in these matters. There have been enormous debt reductions during the past few years and much of this reduction has come about by unorthodox or semi-unorthodox methods. Let my correspondent examine the Australian Premier's Plan with what I call its persuasive voluntary conversion, not to mention such 'unorthodox' matters as compulsory reduction of rents. Then there have been all the defaults and repudiations and at the other end of the scale the greatest of all conversion schemes—that of Great Britain, in which in the most artistic possible manner the factors of economic necessity, sanctity of contract, loss of income to rentiers and prospective reduction of taxation, were blended into a cocktail fizzing with patriotic sparkle.

In Mrs. Barbara Wootton's brilliant book *Plan or no Plan*, recently published, she concludes a most objective examination of the pros and cons of planning with these words about the minimum conditions for successful economic planning: 'Throughout this book it has been apparent that it is human will, more often than natural or technical difficulty, which

presents the obstacle to their fulfilment. It is for the reader to judge whether in this lies cause for rejoicing or despair'.

I say, then, to my correspondent that in the words of Marcus Aurelius, 'The Universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it'. You are in for trouble if you attempt to make some superficial alteration in an institution operated by human things before there has been a corresponding change of heart. Of course, you can force a change by revolution, but does it endure? According to Stalin, the Communists have discovered at least twice during the last decade that it was impossible to socialise the peasants faster than at a certain rate of change. Didn't Stalin fulminate against the slowness at which the principle of differential wage rates was being accepted in Soviet industry? How fast one can go at any given moment in human history is a matter of judgment and political difference of opinion.

There we must leave this political issue, the outcome of which will assuredly be reflected with the utmost accuracy in the technical details of the economic system: or, if you remember my nautical analogy, in the design of an economic boat. One last reflection before we fly to Berlin, where some of these considerations are very much in the front of practical politics. It is this: I care not whether you design an ark, a coracle, or a 534, every sort of vessel or economic system you launch will only do what it is designed to do. If you want to fly as well as sail the seas it is no good tacking wings on to a tramp steamer. You must build a flying boat, and it may be wise to taxi about a little in order to familiarise yourself with the controls before you take the air. I judge Great Britain to be at present in the taxi-ing stage between Plan and No Plan. Roosevelt took off from the aerodrome of private enterprise with a tremendous swoop, but if he is not losing height, it certainly sounds as if his engine is running a little on the rough side. What about Germany?

A fortnight ago the Reichsbank figures for reserves against note issue showed a percentage of 5.8—the lowest ever in Reichsbank history since stabilisation. When the Nazis came into power the proportion between reserves and notes was just under 30 per cent. Furthermore, Germany during the last two months has had an unfavourable balance of trade—that is, her imports have been exceeding her exports in value, notwithstanding drastic government control of the import of raw materials, a control which has had depressing effects, for example on the wool market. In these circumstances the Germans are declaring their inability to transfer interest on their external loans. Now the point is this: whilst it is perfectly true that a debtor country must have a favourable balance of payments on foreign account in order to pay its foreign debts, its likelihood of having such a balance does not depend entirely on the actions of other countries. It also depends on the internal policy of the debtor country. The self-sufficiency side of the Nazi policy tends to make it impossible for Germany to meet her obligations because it tends to cut down German international trade to a minimum. In fact, here we have again an excellent example of the point I have been trying to develop in connection with my correspondent's enquiry. You have on the one hand foreign business men and German Treasury officials sitting in committee arguing about debt payments on the assumption that a certain kind of economic system which reflects certain economic notions is going to be allowed to work, and on the other hand you have a whole mass of political considerations which if given priority will most certainly prevent the system working. Bad workmen blame their tools. It makes me sick to hear people blaming the economic system for the tragic state of affairs about which we have been hearing every Saturday night from the lips of the men with 'Time to Spare'. Why try to wriggle out of the dilemma by blaming an abstract thing like an economic system which can't answer you back? The economic system is the slave of man its creator, it is the mirror in which he can see reflected the workings of his greeds and generosities. If you want more of one and less of the other it's up to you to work for a change of heart. The problem is that of Man and Himself. How we love to evade it by a thousand artful dodges and shifts!

The Indian Rope Trick

By Lieut.-Colonel R. H. ELLIOT

WHAT is called the Indian Rope Trick originally came from China, the first record being that of a traveller of Tangiers, called Ibn Batuta, who travelled through the East at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He claimed to have seen the trick performed at Hangchau with all the gruesome details of the dismembering and decapitation of the boy. He was so upset that he had to have a drink before he felt better—perhaps not his first one that night. Its next appearance is two centuries later at Magdeburg in Germany—a very wonderful performance indeed. A century later still, the same sort of story is staged in China, and the trick is claimed to have been handed down from the White Lily Murder Sect which flourished in the fourteenth century. The first mention of the trick in India comes from Delhi at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the rope was climbed by a panther, a hog, a lion and a tiger, as well as by the performer's dog.

Mr. Clarke, Chairman of the Council of the Magic Circle, has investigated all this past history. He considers that all these Rope Trick stories are merely an elaboration of the popular belief in communication between earth and heaven. I would remind you of all the stories about ladders, ropes, chains, a beanstalk or something of the sort going up from the earth to the sky. Now, for fifteen years we, the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, have patiently and laboriously taken every possible opportunity to investigate the claims of those who have said they have seen the Indian Rope Trick performed. Many people make such claims, but comparatively few have been willing to come forward and describe what they have seen and to allow themselves to be interrogated by my Committee. A large number of the stories fade away as soon as they are investigated. Of those who have been willing to come forward, there has not been one whose evidence would stand the least chance of being accepted in a court of law—even in a petty civil case. Their statements are full of contradictions, and that, too, on very important matters. Not one of them ever put pen to paper at the time to describe the truly marvellous phenomenon he claims to have witnessed. One after another of them has told us that he didn't think it very wonderful; that he didn't discuss it with anyone afterwards; that he didn't write home about it; and so on. They one and all admit that no notice of it appeared in the Press at the time, despite the fact that India has a very enterprising and active News Service. That delay between the date when people claimed to have seen the trick and the date when they first published their experiences is a very interesting and important item in the evidence. This delay has amounted to a quarter, a third, and to half a century—and even more.

Now let me turn your attention for one moment to another side of this question. We had a big Rope Trick meeting on April 30, and at that meeting, Lord Ampthill, formerly Governor of Madras, who acted for a time as Viceroy, told the audience that he had wanted to see the Rope Trick, but was never successful in so doing. Lord Halifax, better known as Lord Irwin, the last Viceroy, gave the same evidence. Lord Meston and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, both men with long and

very distinguished Indian careers, tried in vain to see it. Sir Michael O'Dwyer said the Nizam of Hyderabad, the first ruling Prince of India, told him *he* had never seen it. Two British officers with long service with Indian troops said they had made the strongest efforts in the same direction, but in vain. With all the advantages that the head of a great hospital has in India, I tried my hardest, but could never find a trace of the trick. I have never met a native of India who claimed that he had seen the trick performed.

It is significant that even our Royalty haven't been able to see the trick when they visited India. No one could be found to do it for them, though they expressly asked for it. Few people realise what the word of a Viceroy is: if a thing can be done, the Viceroy's wish is a command. Most especially was this so with Lord Irwin. His deep, earnest piety gave him a hold on the affections and on the admiration of the people of India such as probably has never been known before. Yet, where great people like Lord Irwin have failed, unknown and unimportant members of society claim to have succeeded.

Look at it from still another point of view. For a rope to be thrown in the air and to remain stiff while a boy climbs it, and for that boy to disappear at the top, means the

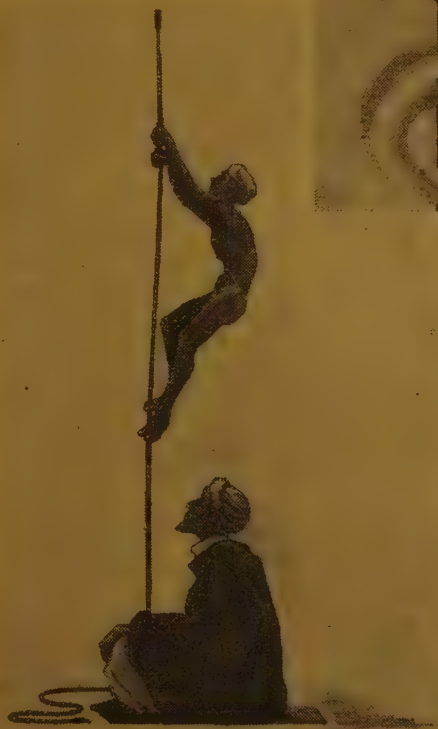
defiance of more than one great natural law. Think for a moment what the effect would be if, even for a few seconds, it were possible to suspend the action of gravity. That law doesn't control merely the fall of an apple, but the swing of the tides of the world's oceans, and the behaviour of vast masses of matter incredibly far out in space. That thought should give pause to any thinking man or woman.

The Occult Committee of the Magic Circle is still perfectly willing to investigate if anybody claims to have seen this or anything else supernatural. Its members will sift the evidence by careful cross-examination and by references to any third parties who can throw light on the question. They lay special stress on making absolutely sure of any statements made, and on proving that the facts were written down *at the time*. Meanwhile we have issued a challenge: We will give

500 guineas to anyone who, as claimed for the Rope Trick, will, in an open space away from trees and houses, throw a rope in the air and cause it to remain suspended, but unsupported by any physical means, while a boy climbs up it and disappears at the top.

It has been suggested that the rope is one of interlocking joints. Even if such a device could carry a boy's weight it wouldn't satisfy the requirements of our challenge; but we have never had any evidence to make us think that such an apparatus has been a foundation for the story of the Rope Trick.

The theory of hypnotism won't bear investigation either. In no case did the men take any steps to hypnotise their audience, and if they *had* tried we have every reason to believe that they would have succeeded only with a few of the audience, instead of being invariably and uniformly successful, as is always claimed. We do not believe that the trick has ever been done or ever will be done—but we will welcome the evidence of anyone who tries to prove we are wrong.



Drawings by Dorothy Hartley

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Public Management or Private Enterprise?

In the recent discussion between Professor Levy and Sir Herbert Samuel, the public management of industry and trade, and private enterprise, are contrasted as if they are necessarily antagonistic and mutually annihilating. But what is there to prevent public management planning what must be produced and to whom it must be delivered—that is, planning production and consumption—and private enterprise, with its admittedly far keener initiative and invention, actually creating the goods? Again and again in my engineering experience, I have noticed how enthusiastically and painstakingly the individual contractor carries out his allotted part of a general plan. Also that, in most cases, all that he gets in return for his able and willing service is a money profit which is no more than a reasonable remuneration for what he has done. It would seem, therefore, that if the ability and skill of private enterprise are to be fully made use of, the formation of the cumbersome and productively inefficient trusts that are now so much in evidence in all industrial countries must be avoided. Further, it would seem that public management must include the placing of orders and the co-ordination of the whole effort right up to the point where its results are enjoyed (or consumed) by the community.

If our money system were modified so as to enable our immense potential productivity to be used for fulfilling actual need (instead of being used, as at present, as an instrument of control by a small and socially irresponsible class), there would be no lament about the reckless and lavish expenditure of public money by the working class during their temporary period of partial power. Constitutionally, all that stands between the realisation of production for use instead of production for money-profit is the electors, who can correct defects in the social system 'by their votes and by their influence'. Actually, money power can always influence the mass of the electorate as it chooses when it makes the effort.

Eggington

JOHN L. HODGSON

Communal Waste of Heat

Mr. J. L. Hodgson referred to the immense waste of heat in the cooling water from the country's power stations. Conservation of this heat and its use is certainly overdue. Experience with the district steam heating systems of the United States indicates a big demand for hot water at 140° to 180° F., and such temperatures can easily be attained in the cooling water of a power station, at the sacrifice of a little in the efficiency of the station's turbines. At present the water temperature is usually from 115° to 130° F. The loss of power necessary to obtain the desired pressure would be compensated by the value of the heat in the water service.

Moscow's municipal authorities have found it desirable to operate their generating station turbines during the winter at lower than the normal condenser vacuum, *i.e.*, at lower efficiency, and use the heat for warming the city. This wider view of ultimate thermal economy appears to be well justified. Many industrial concerns in England and other countries are already effecting notable fuel economies by exhausting steam at a moderately low pressure for process work and factory uses, instead of attempting to gain the highest power output by condensing. It is only a stage further in the same development to use the hot water which power stations now waste; and some uses would not entail any sacrifice of power. Where a power station is situated away from industrial and domestic users, there is a profitable outlet in agriculture for glasshouse and soil heating. The value of soil heating in stimulating plant growth has been demonstrated recently by the North-Eastern Electric Supply Company. Water heating could do the same. Also, a power station which has to cool and re-use its cooling water might well find that a soil-heating circuit dispensed with the use of cooling towers and ponds and paid for the cost of pumping.

Other uses involve certain problems, such as those of distribution, heat loss in transmission and pumping power, particularly where distribution to considerable distances is involved. Here, perhaps, may be found a criticism of the large isolated

central power stations, instead of smaller stations located in the heart of closely populated centres. Future policy may be influenced by considerations of hot water distribution. Heat loss, however, is relatively small when distributing over moderate distances. New York's steam system distributes over distances of two-and-a-half miles and could go much further but for the large size of mains required for steam. The suggested heat conservation would not necessarily involve all the colliery unemployment which Mr. Hodgson suggests. Many of the uses would be new and not appreciably interfere with the present demand for coal. Supplementary amenities acquired from recovered waste are a source of national wealth and their possibilities call for the closest attention.

ALEXANDER H. HAYES

London, W.C.2

Editor, *The Fuel Economist*

The Rationalist's Standpoint

Judging by the quality of the criticisms aroused by Mr. Julian Huxley's talk, one can only conclude that Rationalism must be intellectually sound. Mr. T. A. Ryder, for instance, asks 'How does he [Mr. Huxley] know that the external objects of which we become aware through the senses exist at all?' Having 'become aware' of some external object, such as the garden-roller or the Monument, Mr. Ryder quite seriously assures us we cannot trust the evidence of our senses without invoking the aid of Faith. Without faith, the garden-roller or the Monument may turn out to be something else. With faith, they are—what? Perhaps Mr. Ryder will kindly supply the information. I assure Mr. Ryder, faith as often misleads people as not—existing competing religious beliefs prove that. I invite Mr. Ryder to define the difference between credulity and faith.

Then the Rationalist is asked 'to explain Creation', whatever that may mean. I venture to suggest to Mr. Ryder that nobody since the world began has 'explained' anything. The greatest scientist or theologian does not 'explain'—he only describes. It is a common mistake to confuse 'why' and 'how'. The Rationalist, without invoking the aid of faith, is content to use his reason and expose the fallacies of the Theist; he does not expect to be able 'to explain Creation'.

Mr. Petty 'admires' the 'splendid illusions of science, politics and economics', and 'dreams' of 'another world, the world of the good and just'. This gentleman might borrow some of Mr. Ryder's excess of faith, and try and establish a 'world of the good and just' here and now instead of postponing it to an uncertain future. A few of the 'splendid illusions' of science are anaesthetics, antiseptic surgery, vaccination, pestology, etc. If, as Mr. B. O'Shaughnessy says, incurable invalids are buoyed up with the hope of heaven, science has helped millions to regain health and happiness whilst on earth.

Lastly, Mr. J. C. Graham is sure 'the world is a cosmos and not a chaos'. Is an earthquake or a volcanic eruption an indication of the 'existence of mind behind the process'? By what standard of comparison does Mr. Graham conclude that this is so? To me, the cosmos does not exhibit either order or chaos. As the cosmos is a self-contained unit and complete in itself, no qualification of its manifestations can have any significance or meaning.

To compare something with itself may be an act of faith gratifying to the Theist, but to the Rationalist, it is a waste of time.

Sidcup

MONTAGU COLVIN

Mr. MacColl on Abstract Art

When we have separated the rhetoric from the argument in Mr. MacColl's attack on contemporary art, we are left with an assertion that abstract art is either illegitimate or ineffective. What puzzles me is that Mr. MacColl, or anyone else, should grow so indignant about it. It is not as though abstract art were morally or socially subversive; it is the most innocent of all artistic occupations. It has now for a quarter of a century been practised by a growing number of artists, and enjoyed by a growing public. If Mr. MacColl's senses are so atrophied, or he is so innately insensitive, that he cannot enjoy such art, why should

he, in a Calvinistic spirit, try to interfere with other people's enjoyment? I do not myself apprehend the abstract form or design of music; but I do not therefore assert that abstract music does not, or should not, exist. Indeed, in spite of my innate limitations, I do my best to get some enjoyment out of it.

Mr. MacColl is contemptuous of the modern art movement. If it is a question of an honest preference, no one will dispute his right to his opinions. But the critics of modern art rarely leave us with any alternatives. In my opinion the six best painters of the last twenty-five years are Matisse, Picasso, Juan Gris, Braque, Leger and Klee. Will Mr. MacColl please name six contemporary painters whom he considers superior to these?

Hampstead

HERBERT READ

Mr. MacColl, the author of your recent article on 'Visual and Vocal Art', has so often been blamed for not 'appreciating' modern artists, even those veterans Cézanne, Seurat, Matisse and Picasso, that it is time someone pointed out that it is possible both to admire the work of these artists and also simultaneously to admire Mr. MacColl's writings. I never appreciated Cézanne until I had read them; until then, his pictures had been shouted down, as far as I was concerned, by the praises of his admirers. People so often seem to suppose that to talk sense is 'destructive'. It destroys nothing I care about, and as done by Mr. MacColl it is very entertaining. It probably annoys the artists, too, which is another good thing. I possess specimens of the work of three of the artists Mr. MacColl mentions—Rodrigo Moynihan, Graham Bell, and Ben Nicholson. I once also bought a picture by Mr. MacColl (second-hand). I find all of them very satisfactory, the last included; and stimulated by Mr. MacColl's remarks, I am prepared to discuss them all as impartially as only a contented owner can, until all's blue. The beauty of it is that the colour of the pictures will remain unaffected.

Burlington Fine Arts Club

W. W. WINKWORTH

'A Step-Ladder to Painting'

THE LISTENER of May 2 reviews my book, *A Step-Ladder to Painting*, together with Mr. Hilaire Hiler's *Notes on the Technique of Painting*. There your critic makes a statement which I have been unable to verify and which, if left unquestioned, might do some injustice to my book. Your critic says: 'The palette of "tints", as he calls them, which he proposes for work in oil, with its cadmiums and prussian blue (the white is unspecified) would, according to the recipes of Mr. Hiler, produce those results which are best avoided'. I called them 'tints' advisedly, since so many colour-makers have different names for the same pigment. But may I quote Mr. Hiler himself on these colours? *Cadmiums*: 'They may be considered as permanent for all practical purposes'; *prussian blue*: 'The best varieties . . . are durable or quite permanent'. Mr. Hiler also cites the ideal palette proposed by the well-known chemist, Professor Church, and includes both cadmiums and prussian blue therein. Also both colours are included in the list of Cambridge Colours, started under the inspiration of Professor Laurie, probably the greatest colour expert in England. Of whites there is a fairly large choice, and Mr. Hiler has something good to say about most of them. I have by me sketches made in this way some twenty years back. They have not yet begun to show signs either of cracking or fading, so that your critic's comment, 'The tears will come later, if the pictures begin to crack and fade', seems to be unwarranted either by the authority quoted or by the results.

London, W.2

JAN GORDON

[Our reviewer replies: Under the heading 'Permanence of Pigments', Mr. Hiler says (page 93), 'Any but the best cadmiums are not supposed to be mixed with white lead', and prussian blue should not be mixed with cadmiums. He adds, it is true, that 'all this may be forgotten if the palette is confined not only to permanent but to chemically neutral colours', and it is also true that Mr. Gordon advises his readers to get into the habit of working only with the permanent colours, adding in a footnote, 'Permanent colours are those guaranteed not to fade or change tint. Good colour-makers always differentiate them from the fugitive colours'. But thus Mr. Hiler (page 89): 'Generally speaking, it [i.e., permanence] is a relative affair. Manufacturers use it in a very relative sense indeed, and, it is naturally to their advantage to classify as "permanent" as many pigments as possible'.

Sir Arthur Church's palette is described by Mr. Hiler as 'a representative academic palette', and he suggests that 'in the light of later discoveries it might be thought wise to substitute tita-

nium white for the flake white'. About zinc white Mr. Hiler writes (page 100), 'It has a bad reputation as dryer, and it is considered liable to crack and lose its opacity in oil . . . Personally, I have experienced none of the current objections to zinc white in oils if the oil used as a medium is not diluted with turpentine or petrol and if the zinc white is of the best quality'. Mr. Gordon, on page 87, says, 'For medium you can use linseed oil, diluted with a little pure petrol'.

Professor Laurie (*Simple Rules for Painting in Oils*) says that zinc white yellows more than white lead in oil in course of time and that it is more apt to crack. Of prussian blue he writes, 'It seems fairly permanent in oil. It should only be used for tinting, scumbling and glazing'. Mr. Gordon, on page 84, says, 'In laying your tints use plenty of colour, and lay them fairly thick'.

If there was any injustice to Mr. Gordon's book in my review it was my use of the word 'would' in the first sentence he quotes. I was, of course, thinking of the beginners to whom he hands his palette and the results likely to occur in hands less dexterous than his own. May I be allowed to substitute 'might'?

Christopher Marlowe

Dr. G. B. Harrison, in his broadcast on Christopher Marlowe, surely takes upon himself some responsibility by informing us that Marlowe was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and subsequently at Cambridge. The best available documentary evidence on which such a statement is usually based reveals only the following information: (a) Christopher Marlowe, son of a cobbler, of unknown address, was born in Canterbury in 1564; (b) a boy named Marley entered King's School, Canterbury, in 1578; and (c) a man having the name 'Chros Marlin' obtained a B.A. degree at Cambridge in 1584, and an M.A. in 1587.

There would appear to be no further evidence of any kind to show that these three different names connoted one and the same person, nor to connect any single one of them, including the cobbler's son, with the author of the Marlowe plays. There is certainly no such information to be found in any of the few books dealing with Marlowe's life, such as J. H. Ingram's *Christopher Marlowe and His Associates*.

Sutton

T. H. BRIDGEWATER

Merits of the Well-Filled Cradle

Mrs. M. A. Binstead argues that a low birth-rate is a remedy for unemployment. I suggest that this is a complete fallacy. Last year Professor Hersch, of the University of Geneva, after a careful study of the subject, concluded that 'the fall of the birth-rate must be a powerful factor in producing permanent economic depression and cannot be a remedy for unemployment'. Similarly, Professor Edwin Cannan, of the University of Oxford, writing in 1930, held that a falling birth-rate is no cure for unemployment. The basic reason for these views, of course, is that an increasing population involves an additional demand for work and not merely an additional supply of workers.

With reference to the letter of 'Eugenist' the following comparison is of interest:

Country	Birth-rate in 1900	Birth-rate in 1930
France	21.4	18.0
Italy	33	26.7
Germany	36	17.5
England and Wales	28.7	16.3

These figures show that the strenuous efforts made in France and Italy to arrest the fall in the birth-rate have not been unsuccessful; of course, Germany began to take action only last year. The figures also show that we are in a far worse position than Italy, where the Government is unceasing in its endeavours to remedy what they regard as the disaster of the falling birth-rate.

Stroud

P. E. PERCIVAL

Spiritualist Convictions

Mr. Oaten's talk on Spiritualism raises an interesting point in the evidence for belief in personal survival. Many writers adduce telepathy as support for this view. But surely when telepathy is established as a fact there will no longer be need to explain mediumistic information as derived from a disembodied mind. While the information produced by the medium is known to any living person, the possibility of telepathy from an embodied mind will exist. The only kind of knowledge in favour of action by a discarnate mind would thus be that possessed by no living one; and this would be difficult to confirm as fact. Indeed, prospective knowledge would seem to be almost

the only class fulfilling this condition; and even then it would require a statistician to tell us the value of accurate prophecy in any given case.

Bfassenose College, Oxford

C. W. M. WHITTY

Judging Germany by its Books

Mr. Black still wishes to believe that Wasserman, the Zweigs and other German-Jewish best-sellers may be considered the literary ambassadors of the modern German spirit. No one will dispute their artistic gifts. But they emphatically do not reflect the creative tendencies of Germany since the War. Mahrholz's *Deutsche Literatur der Gegenwart* appeared, I think, during the turmoil of the early 'twenties, when the vogue of *Expressionismus*, led by Jewish revolutionary poets, was at its height. At such a time considered valuations were difficult, and the book in question was surely tendentious. For a true estimation of German poetry and imaginative writing, as opposed to cosmopolitan novels written in the German language, one must go to such a fastidious critic as Professor Hans Naumann, of Bonn. Stefan George, Rilke were undoubtedly the two most important influences among the older writers. Nearly all the younger men were doers before they were writers; their writings, never so prolific as those of the Jewish *litterateurs*, were the crystallisation of vital experiences in their own lives, in the life of their nation. Rudolf Binding, Hans Carossa, E. E. Dwinger, recollected in tranquillity the shattering experiences of the War

years, and, because they were true poets and measured these experiences by the vision of a deeper reality, their works bear artistic validity and truth. Others, among them Hans Friedrich Blunck, refusing to be side-tracked by the noisy sensation of the age, became interpreters, visionaries of their own parts of Germany, and taught their fellows to find the living fountains of inspiration, humour, romance and mystery in the traditions of their land. These writers cherished the soul of a nation and its powers of recuperation. But the flashy and successful analysts whose books reached England in translation seemed incapable of seeing beyond the immediate present. Of these Dwinger once wrote: 'They discover their social sympathies at once whenever a child starves, a workman is sweated, or a peasant oppressed; they are for the most part democrats or even revolutionaries, and they cannot endure the slightest unfairness towards individuals or injustice towards a class—but they are blind in both eyes, deaf in both ears when a whole people is subjected to the enormities of repression and begins to decline and decay in wholesale misery, exploitation and injustice'.

I warmly agree with Mr. Herbert Walker's plea for reading foreign works in their original. No real poetry can ever suffer translation. And I would go further by asserting that only by loving acquaintance with the landscape behind the poetry can its full meaning be appraised. For how much more is even Shakespeare with the memory of Warwickshire and the Cotswolds!

Fontmell Magna

ROLF GARDINER

Out of Doors

May in the Garden

By C. H. MIDDLETON

LAST year I had some novelty tomatoes, which caused quite a sensation. One of them was called the 'currant tomato', because it bears long sprays of small fruit very much like currants, both red and yellow. Then there is the 'cherry tomato', which resembles the cherry; and the 'plum tomato' which looks just like a plum; and the 'peach', which is just like a peach with somewhat the same creamy yellow colour and a woolly kind of skin. They are an extremely pretty fruit, and, quite apart from being attractive, the flavour is good—well above the average, I should say. Personally I think I like the 'currant' type best, because when they are covered with spray of ripe fruit they make an extremely ornamental pot plant. You can stand one on the dining-table and pick off the fruit as required; or they will put the finishing touch to a salad bowl.

There are a good many other uses you could put these plants to, and I am sure you would like these very ornamental tomatoes. It is rather late now, I am afraid, to sow seeds, but you should be able to get the plants quite easily; I am buying a few in pots. You grow them exactly the same as the ordinary tomatoes, but if you have to grow them out of doors get plants fairly well advanced in pots as soon as you can, and keep them in the pots, or if they are in small pots turn them out and put them in bigger ones not more than 5 or 6 inches across. That restricts the root action and gives a nice shapely plant, and if you keep the plant in the pot plunge it into the soil, pot and all; it will help to hold it upright, it does not need so much watering and you have not to look after it so much as you would if you planted it in the ordinary way. But if you plant it as usual the growth will probably be better and you will perhaps get a little more fruit, but then the plants would be no use for ornamental purposes whatever after you had picked the fruit.

Give these tomatoes the sunniest and most sheltered position you can find and a bit of good soil to grow up in, and then you will not be disappointed. Put four 2-foot sticks round the plant and tie the shoots to them or twine them round the sticks, and later on in the summer the plant will have long sprays of currant or cherry tomatoes, and you will have something which I think will cause considerable interest. Try a few now and see how you get on.

A lady the other day was lamenting to me that, having no glass, she was unable to grow those fine old favourite half-hardy

annuals—asters, nemesias, salip-glossis, zinnias, and so on. I assured her that she could—I have grown them without any protection at all. In spite of what the books say, if you sow half-hardy annuals out of doors during this month, given a fairly favourable season, you should have good results. A bit later, perhaps, but that's rather an advantage, because then you may come back from your holidays to find fresh flowers in the garden when everybody else's are over. I had a lovely batch of nemesias in September from seed sown out of doors in late May. Ten-week stocks, too, I have sown in May and had beautiful flowers in September, and there are others I am trying this year which I saw last year, called the blue convolvulus. There is a convolvulus major and a convolvulus minor—you can get either of these in the blue colour—the minor is only about a foot high—or long. And if you grow this on some sunny bank or somewhere in conjunction with that beautiful double scented nasturtium 'Golden Gleam', you will really have something very pretty. Only grow them where the full sunshine catches them, and then they show up in the morning—the dark blue of the convolvulus coming out against the gold of the nasturtiums makes an extremely pretty sight.

Another rather charming annual that you can sow now is called Sweet Wivelsfield—it is named after the Sussex village where it was raised. A most dainty flower, sweetly scented and with a good wide range of pretty colours, it is really a cross between the Sweet William and the pink, or the perpetual flowering pink. Sow the seeds where they are to flower for preference—that saves transplanting—and just thin out the surplus ones so that they don't get too crowded. Of course, you must give all these annuals plenty of water or they will die of thirst in their early days.

Those of you who live in urban districts or anywhere near shopping centres need never go short of annuals and pot plants nowadays, because local florists and nurserymen, and very often greengrocers, too, have wonderful displays of flowers in boxes and pots ready for planting out. It may be that some are a bit of a gamble, but such things as lobelia, and antirrhinums and all the general run of bedding stuffs—stocks, petunias, marigolds, and all that kind of thing—are quite reliable. Some of the small-holders round the big towns are specialising in flower-growing now, and are turning out some very good selections of plants.

The Woman's Side of Unemployment

(Continued from page 812)

supper consists of that always. In winter I try to get some fat pieces from the butcher, melt them down, and fry bread in the fat, for the bairns' breakfast, because I know in the winter they need fats.

We are told we ought to eat fruit, but it is very seldom I can afford fruit. Butter I can get now that it is cheap, but other times we must get marge. I try and choose the food that will give the bairns the most nourishment. I thank God He's given me the ability to cook. I don't buy any cooked food. Any extra expense must come out of food money, and then my husband and I always have to suffer. We give it all to the bairns, and we have bread and marge.

When I've had the children, I've always had the maternity benefit of two pounds four shillings down. A doctor's fee is two guineas, so ever since the first, when I had a doctor, I've had a woman, a certified midwife, because it's cheaper. She's twenty-five shillings only. The rest of the money has to pay for the inconvenience while you're in bed. My husband looks after me and the children. He does everything. But I feel as though I ought to have a doctor. I always have a difficult time. I had chloroform for the first baby, but I haven't been able to have it since. I think we women ought to be able to have it. The last time I was abed from the Sunday to the Tuesday, but I only had the woman in at the end.

I'm thirty-five and I'm thankful I've always been fairly healthy. But I often get irritable, and then the poor bairns suffer. I've had my teeth attended to through the Welfare

Centre. I've been paying twopence a week for over two years now for my teeth. I don't know how long I'll have to pay for. I've never asked the amount, I don't want the shock. Now my head aches and I feel as though my eyes need attention. I often find myself in a perspiration through weakness. I feel I've nothing to go out for. I go out on a Saturday night and sometimes on a Thursday.

The children's health worries me, and what they'll do at 14. One boy has had pneumonia three times. I pledged my wedding ring the last time to buy extras for him, and haven't been able to get it back. I take the babies to the Welfare every Monday; but it's only the doctor who can order things, and you don't get to see the doctor, unless the baby is losing weight or ailing. But I always say—prevention is better than cure, and they should give while people are in perfect health, not wait till they go back. If ever the children get a penny given them they bring it to me to lighten my burden.

What's gone is past, but I wouldn't like to live a minute of my life over again. With all the struggling, you can't manage. All the struggling is just for food. Still we're happier than some, for in our house we're all in harmony. Everyone helps in our house. The only hope we have got is the hope to come. I've lived for hope, or as my husband would say, faith, for thirteen years. Perhaps after all it's worse for the men. The women have their work and their home. I have no hope my husband will ever work again.

Can the Unemployed Maintain their Health?

By A DOCTOR

AS a doctor the first point that occurs to me is, of course, the question of this family's food, and whether it is sufficient to keep them in health. I have been privileged to see the details of Mrs. Pallis' weekly budget, and I have studied them carefully. They show she has a really sound knowledge of how to spend her money to the best advantage, and is a clever buyer—as well as being a good cook. And yet I cannot see, for the life of me, how the food can be sufficient to maintain health for that number of people—five children and two grown-ups. And there is no possible doubt who is being the most seriously underfed.

From what I know of other women of her age, who are struggling with the same shortage, it is more than likely she is anæmic, and this must about double the strain of her work. Anæmia is made all the more probable since she is so much indoors. I know many women who have had no freedom, not a day's holiday for fifteen or twenty years, from the anxieties of bringing up a family, and the toil of household labours, unless it be illness that has taken them to hospital; and they are practically all suffering from anæmia. Next there is the effect on the mind of all this hardship, and hopelessness, and monotony—the absence of any change of occupation, scarcely any escape from the four walls of her house, the lack of all participations in outside affairs, no treats, no reading, no pictures. And there is an added sting in the memory of that brief period when good wages were coming in.

It is possible, of course, that many people who are giving their time and energies to run the many splendid societies which have been organised for the relief of distress, may claim that Mrs. Pallis, and others like her, are not making full use of the measures which actually exist to help her. Government officials may also take the same view. I don't know for certain, because local conditions may differ, but it seems possible that her children's food might have been supplemented by Government help through school meals, and that this would have eased the strain, and enabled the parents to have more and better nourishment. But I suspect that she stoutly prefers to have them home to dinner, and to provide and cook the food for them herself. Is she wrong? To say she is, argues, to my mind, a real misunderstanding of the English character. As I see it, one of the greatest features of these post-War years of depression has been the stubborn tenacity with which people have clung to their tradition of independence—a belief in the right to manage their own affairs. It seems to me to have saved this country from dictator-

ships and communism. The spirit which has determined the nation to see that the peace can be won, is extraordinarily close to the spirit which won the War. Indeed, I believe it is identical.

I feel we are in some danger of misunderstanding the example which this talk illustrates. How many of us who are in work, or not in want, have completely and finally freed our minds of the idea that the workless are somehow partly to blame for being unemployed? That curious prejudice still lingers on at the back of our minds, and yet I suppose it is not true of more than the tiniest fraction of the two million who have no work. It is as unjust and idiotic to blame man for being out of work in shipyards and coal-mines, as it would be for me, as a doctor, to blame a blind man for not trying to see. Yet there does exist this thoughtless habit of mind, which keeps alive the notion that the unemployed could find occupation if only they tried a bit harder.

It seems to me that the Prince of Wales, with his exceptional gift of understanding the needs and feelings of the common man, gave exactly the right lead as to how the employed and unemployed can get into touch. You will remember he asked us not to look at unemployment as the unwieldy problem recorded in official figures, a problem so vast as to paralyse our hopes of being able as individuals, to do anything about it, but to break it up and resolve it into single, personal, human units, and then take one; and it would probably be within the compass of nearly everybody to do something useful and helpful. That, surely, is the right way.

Hence, the plain recital of the difficulties and struggles, and pathetic failures, which these talks have brought out, seems to me entirely good. I am told they give offence: that there is the risk that they exaggerate, distort, misrepresent, the real state of affairs, and don't take enough account of all that is being done to help. I'm glad the risk has been taken. During the War, for anyone not actually fighting, the only decent frame of mind was to be continually asking himself, 'Am I worth dying for?' In these days, something of the same self-questioning ought to be a daily habit. After hearing these accounts of life in places like Sunderland, we might do worse than ask ourselves, 'Am I quite certain that I hold my job by sheer merit, and am not really only just a bit luckier than the two million poor devils who are out of work? If I lost my job and my money, could I stick it out as this woman has stuck it, for thirteen years? Is it really all right to be able to go to bed without ever feeling hungry?'

Books and Authors

The Tragi-Comedy of Rossini

Rossini. By Francis Toye. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

WITTINGLY OR NOT Mr. Toye has given in the first sentence of his Preface an excellent reason why one should read his book. He writes: 'To the best of my belief there is no demand whatever for a life of Rossini in English'. It is obvious, therefore, that the subject must have had irresistible attraction for him, and a biography written under those conditions can scarcely fail to be interesting. As the subject of a book Rossini is fascinating, but difficult. There is so much in his life that admits only of negative explanation. Here much is explained by the absence of what public-school masters understand by character. Positive reasons would be more satisfying but the only positive thing about Rossini was his musical genius, and even that in the end was frustrated. Rossini was thirty-six when he wrote his last opera, 'William Tell'. He had still forty years of life before him, but apart from the 'Stabat Mater' his career was practically ended. Well may Mr. Toye ask: 'Is there any other artist who thus deliberately, in the very prime of life, renounced that form of artistic production which had made him famous throughout the civilised world?' A chapter is devoted to his 'great renunciation', but it leaves the problem unsolved. Rossini always parried any question touching upon it, but it may have been as much a problem to himself as to others.

The chapters devoted to the active part of Rossini's career, particularly its beginnings, make excellent reading. That Mr. Toye admits a heavy debt to Radiciotti's monumental biography does not detract from his own achievement. It would be impossible nowadays to write of Rossini without consulting that work at every turn. But where Radiciotti made of Rossini a hero, which he never was, Mr. Toye has substituted a human portrait, which brings him nearer to us. Incidentally the boyhood he describes is the key to much that ensues. Such absence of discipline could have only one result. But here am I, in turn, advancing a negative reason. Where Rossini is concerned it seems inevitable.

Rossini's Italian career provides opportunity for many vivid pages describing the 'fantastic world of Italian opera'. There flits across its pages that extraordinary figure Domenico Barbaia, of the San Carlo Opera at Naples, who engaged Rossini at a paltry salary, supplemented by a percentage of the profit derived from the gambling-rooms attached to the theatre. For this he had not only to write two operas yearly, but do most of the work connected with the undertaking. Barbaia was originally a bottle-washer or waiter, and the originator of the practice

of serving coffee with whipped cream which is so popular in Vienna. He lived to direct three of the most famous opera houses in the world, at which he produced many masterpieces.

The legend circulated by Azevedo concerning Rossini's alleged 'spoof' opera, 'Il Signor Bruschino', has been exploded by Radiciotti, and, as Mr. Toye says, may perhaps have arisen from a letter which Rossini wrote to Cera, the impresario of the San Moise, concerning another opera, 'La Scala di Seta', the overture of which has recently been popularised anew by Sir Thomas Beecham. Apparently Cera did not think much of the music. Rossini's retort was to complain that the libretto handed to him was only fit for a boy, and that he had given tit for tat. In the overture to 'Il Signor Bruschino', as those will remember who may have heard it performed as an interlude during the various seasons of the Diaghileff Ballet, a comic effect is produced at a certain moment by the second violins tapping the desks with their bows. It is amusing, but open to the charge of puerility if one is serious-minded enough to make it. That, probably, is how the legend came to be transferred from one opera to the other. But 'Il Signor Bruschino', a *farsa giocosa*, is not intended for the serious-minded.

Gaiety is in fact the great virtue of the operas Rossini was producing in such profusion at this time. His serious successes came later. Today that gaiety is the lure that is drawing converts to a revival of Rossini's music. Fourteen years ago Alfredo Casella created such consternation by admitting that he 'adored Rossini' that he felt impelled to write an essay stating his reasons. Today a whole-hearted admiration of this music is common ground among musicians, and almost an article of faith among those whom others style 'modern'. As Casella pointed out on that occasion, masterpieces expressive of joy are ten times rarer than those brought forth by pain. And the sorely tried modern world tends to re-value them accordingly.

Of these matters, and others cognate, Mr. Toye writes with an appreciation of the Latin point of view that is rare among our musical writers. In his preface he observes that 'our musicology, too often inspired by a *furor Teutonicus* surpassing that of the Teutons themselves, has ever been apt to leave out of account inconvenient phenomena which happen not to fit the Anglo-German pattern of things-as-they-should-be'. He has fallen into no such error.

EDWIN EVANS

A Cure for Complacency

English Journey. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann in association with Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

MR. PRIESTLEY has written something different from the ordinary travel book. *English Journey* contains little of the usual sort of pleasant chatter about architecture, scenery, local history and so forth. Instead we have a broadly sketched picture of human life and work—and worklessness—in a number of sample areas of England, mostly, though not all, those that are deliberately avoided by people bent upon 'seeing the country'.

The author acknowledges the lack of certain qualifications for his task. He admits that his mind will not run to economics, and therefore he does not try to explain industrial depression and unemployment, of which he saw his share, in terms of the inadequacy of gold or what not. But we have already a large choice of such explanations, produced by professional economists and others, so that Mr. Priestley's failure to give us another is no very serious matter. Again, the author allows that economic history is not his strong suit; indeed he seems to fall into the error of supposing that there was once a time in England when the bulk of its inhabitants were adequately fed, and that human misery is a modern problem. But he makes clear (what is more to the point) that poverty and hunger and blank hopelessness have descended upon whole masses of people who were, not so long ago, busy and prosperous; and he cannot see, any more than other people, any sufficient reason why these things should be.

Among the important qualifications which Mr. Priestley does possess may be mentioned his powers of really acute observation, his fine broad humanity and a real understanding of, and sympathy with, plain ordinary decent men and women. For instance, the reader who already knows the Cotswold country (which is the author's choice as a sample of the old England) will be thrilled afresh by his description of it—conveying exactly the essence of the country's charm and beauty and peace. No less remarkable in its own way is his picture of the Potteries; of the amorphous agglomeration of drab towns, lacking even the startling ugliness of other factory places; of the ancient industry itself, remaining, despite all mechanical progress, so largely a craft; of

the marvellous skill and the high pride of craft of the 'ladies and gentlemen' who live and work in these dismal surroundings; and finally of the special cruelty of unemployment in a place where the only real satisfaction is to be found in work.

Perhaps the shadows in Mr. Priestley's picture are a trifle overdone, for he has rather concentrated on the worst of the depressed areas like Lancashire, Tyneside and East Durham; moreover, things have improved a little, even in these places, since the time of his visits. But the book is not depressing, though it may be confidently recommended as a cure for complacency.

Then, too, the author is sometimes a little hard to please. He is filled with justifiable anger against the people who have raped and despoiled whole stretches of once green and pleasant land, and against the system that has allowed them quietly to slip away from the scene of their crimes with their debentures in their pockets. But when he comes to Bourneville, where things have been ordered differently, he rather suspects that the workers have sold their souls.

Mr. Priestley writes as a townsman, has little to say about rural industry and, like most townsmen, finds it hard to believe in agricultural depression. He passes through Hampshire delighting in the landscape but (quite naturally) missing the fact that in twenty years half the turnips and a third of the sheep and a quarter of the men and women have somehow disappeared from the face of the earth. It is, of course, true that, measured by the square mile, there is a good deal more bankruptcy and unemployment in Blackburn or Jarrow than in the Yorkshire Wolds or Hampshire or Norfolk. And it is no doubt pleasanter to be bankrupt or unemployed in the Cotswolds than in Wigan. Otherwise there is only this difference, that there is as yet no plan for cotton or for ships while there is a plan, that shows some promise of success, for bringing back prosperity to the countryside.

J. A. SCOTT WATSON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Beyond the Mexique Bay. By Aldous Huxley
Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

THERE CAN BE LITTLE of the modern world, in more than the merely geographical sense, that Mr. Huxley's inquisitive intelligence has left untouched. But here, as elsewhere, like one of those very bored, very disgusted, very aristocratic New World birds, he scratches just beneath the surface, pauses, sighs, and straightway drops into a musing and a cultured muttering about the untouchability of mankind. Spiritually, it is evident, he has never travelled beyond the Mexique Bay at all. Each stop on his journey affords a welcome excuse for escape at a tangent: for a mental run back home. Quailing before the indescribable splendours of Cholula, he chooses instead to debate on *Pyramids versus Personal Liberty*; forty pages of *Rationalism versus Nationalism* are provided by a visit to Guatemala. Brilliant as many of his observations and (more rarely) his descriptions are, Mr. Huxley seems unable ever really to *penetrate*. The Indians remain inscrutably 'reptilian-eyed'. Most of us tend to dislike what we find incomprehensible; and Mr. Huxley has never disguised his loathing for the poor, the sick and the savage. Nearly all Mr. Huxley's disgusts—for the oven-like trains, for his jaundiced hosts with their friendly offerings of fried sardines—seem to be a result, not of any laudable detachment, but of a series of downright incapacities. He is severely limited, too, by his 'period' outlook; by his laboratory scepticism; by his Eton-and-Oxford conditioning; by his undergraduate wit and undergraduate seriousness; above all by his tiresome style (a product of the literary journalist's fearful anxiety to be topically knowledgeable and amusing) which puts him constantly at the mercy of his engaging metaphors and his dangerously facile simplifications. For example: 'Nature worship', Mr. Huxley confidently asserts (and it is a remark he has elaborated before) 'is a product of good communications'. It is not even valid as a generalisation, though Mr. Huxley spends two pages in making it look so. Some slight acquaintance with Chinese culture might also have prevented him from assuming that 'in a large, prosperous and educated population, it is impossible that the level of popular art should be high'. These may be small errors, but they are typical of many on which he bases major arguments; and they are typical of the astonishing ignorance of the ordinary man or letters about anything outside the Græco-Roman tradition. Mr. Huxley seems curiously incurious, too, about the origins of pre-Columbian civilisation. Toltec canons and the remains of Monte Alban drive him to speculate not (even with the help of Humboldt) on their remarkable affinities with *feng shui* or the achievements of dynastic Egypt, but on their contrast with the arrangements at Delphi and Delos. Nevertheless Mr. Huxley is at his very best on the architecture and arts and crafts of the regions he visited, and one willingly excuses the irrelevance of his long dissertation on peasant art and vulgarity for the salutary wisdom it contains. (In the course of it he gives a timely exposure of the deterioration that has afflicted the later editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—a work which we have always suspected Mr. Huxley of knowing almost indecently well.) There is perhaps no need to say that, with its intelligence, its variety, its ingenuity, its vivid descriptions and its thirty excellent photographs, his book is continuously entertaining and very well worth reading; though it tells us more that is interesting about Mr. Aldous Huxley than about what lies beyond the Mexique Bay.

Ben Jonson. By John Palmer. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

The English Renaissance is an exasperating period for the biographer. Minute and endless research has contributed singularly little to our knowledge of the lives and characters of its greatest representatives. Of Ben Jonson, it is true, something more is known than of most of his contemporaries, and Mr. John Palmer has worked up the few available facts into a brightly written biography. 'Ben Jonson', he remarks, 'was larger in life even than in literature', though there is not a great deal of evidence to prove his assertion, and what there is to be found chiefly in his own writings or must be inferred from them. 'His theatrical career', says Mr. Palmer, 'must be recovered for the most part from the prefaces, prologues and introductions to his plays. His social progress may be followed through his masques. His friendships, apart from the Conversations with Drummond, are in the same way revealed in his epigrams

and occasional verse'. Unfortunately Jonson, more than most men, is not always a reliable witness of his own career. 'A great lover and praiser of himself'—to quote Drummond—he cannot be depended upon to give a true account of his faults and failings. He was always more conscious of his strength than of his weakness.

If he was arrogant, and sometimes churlishly insolent, Mr. Palmer is careful to show that he was not vain. His arrogance was that of a scholar unwilling to tolerate the vanity and ignorance of lesser men, even when he had to take second place. Undoubtedly, one of the reasons for his inability to suffer fools gladly was his failure to achieve the popular success they did. There was too much of the pedant, too much of the reformer in him to please the Bankside audiences. In forty years he earned a bare £200 from his stage plays, a sum insufficient, even three hundred years ago, to satisfy his love of sherris-sack: He turned instead to the writing of masques and entertainments for the Court, an occupation which enabled him to give full play to his knowledge of the by-ways of classical literature, and for which he was rewarded at a rate no common playwright could command. As long as his friendship with the King lasted, and while his dislike of his chief collaborator, Inigo Jones, remained more or less passive, Jonson was a tolerably contented man, courted by the great and good, and welcomed, for all his boisterous ways and unaccountable habits, into the great galleries at Theobalds, Althorp and Bolsover. When, however, the breach finally opened, he found himself stranded, an old man, surviving into a generation that had forgotten, if it had ever known, his early work. Mr. Palmer's account of this giant—next to Shakespeare, the greatest of Dryden's 'gods before the flood'—in his decline, struggling with ill-health, and hammering out his last plays, his 'dotages'—is pathetic reading, though it is somewhat mitigated by Mr. Palmer's constant sense of Jonson's greatness, and his description of some of the thirty posthumous tributes in *Jonsonus Virbius*.

It is inevitable that a large part of Mr. Palmer's biography should consist of literary history and criticism, which only very indirectly increases our knowledge of Jonson, the man. But his descriptions of the plays and masques are never, as they might so easily be, dull and uninformative. His enthusiasm for them, which few of his readers are likely to share as fully as he does, imparts zest and lightness to his style. It is a pity that he did not see the brilliant performance of 'Volpone' which he regards as Jonson's 'fullest and finest' play, at Cambridge after the War. Jonson's plays are not often performed, nor even very much read, but 'Volpone' at least has been revived since what Mr. Palmer calls its last public appearance on an English stage before the death of the elder Colman.

Modern Russia. By Cicely Hamilton

J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Winter in Moscow. By Malcolm Muggeridge

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Two books on the same subject could scarcely show a greater contrast than these. Miss Hamilton's is rational, impartial and objective: Mr. Muggeridge's is emotional, hostile and subjective. Both authors warn us of the difficulties of their subject. 'The region comprised within the Soviet Union', writes Miss Hamilton, 'is not only a territory and collection of peoples—it is a legend, or rather two legends: the one of Utopian achievement, the other of horror'. 'The greatest asset of Bolshevik propaganda', says Mr. Muggeridge, 'has been the naive, and quite unfounded, belief, held by English people particularly, that it is possible to describe the Soviet regime fairly, and in detachment'. Facing these difficulties, Miss Hamilton adopts the method of matter-of-fact description while Mr. Muggeridge employs that of the novelist. 'The episodes in my book', says the latter, 'are truth imaginatively expressed, and the characters are real people imaginatively described'. He adds that 'news from Russia is a joke' because journalists work under the perpetual threat of losing their visas, and therefore their jobs, unless they write only what will be acceptable to the Soviet authorities. It is a little odd that Mr. Muggeridge should feel constrained, now that he is free from such persecution, to adopt the method of fiction. The explanation is that he is bent on something outside the scope of Miss Hamilton's book. Her aim is to avoid setting down anything in malice, to give a truthful picture and no more: his to 'debunk' the Dictatorship of the

Proletariat and to write a satire on Soviet-adulation. 'I took a great dislike', he confesses, 'to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and, even more, to its imbecilic foreign admirers'. Some of the latter are but thinly disguised in his narrative and so are easily recognisable. The portraits thus presented are mere cartoons, sometimes more vitriolic than good taste sanctions, and so the reader cannot but believe that Mr. Muggeridge has a bee in his bonnet. The preface explains that. 'I found that by following its [the Dictatorship of the Proletariat's] tributaries to the main stream, and the main stream to its source, I arrived at something of more general significance that made understandable much that had formerly been incomprehensible to me. In a sense I might almost say that at the ultimate source, at the place where water was bubbling up from the earth, I found myself'. Mr. Muggeridge writes brilliantly, but this book is unworthy of his theme—whether the theme be U.S.S.R. or Mr. Muggeridge.

Miss Hamilton's matter-of-fact description of things visible in Russia is less attractive than her earlier companion accounts of France, Germany and Italy. It has the same sincerity, of course, but the beaten Intourist tracks are now well enough known to rob her pages of freshness. She describes the theatre, the poster, the marriage-system, government, people's courts and so on, and she has made an effort to link up the Soviet present with the Tsarist past—to see the new presbyter as but old priest writ large. She could have made more than she does of the continuity, under new forms, of despotism, orthodoxy and nationalism, but as Mr. Muggeridge appears to be innocent of a knowledge of Russian history, we must be grateful for small mercies. She dislikes the institutions and patterns of life of Soviet Russia—how could it be otherwise to one of her outlook and inherited beliefs?—but sees promise in the liberation of women as expressed in the right to voluntary motherhood.

There are points on which Mr. Muggeridge and Miss Hamilton agree. Such are the food-shortage in the Ukraine and the North Caucasus, the 'eye-wash' or organised hoodwinking processes by which foreigners are misled, the ubiquitous and nauseating efficiency of the political police, the tyranny of town over countryside. But Mr. Muggeridge has no beliefs and Miss Hamilton the wrong beliefs for the purpose they have in hand, so that neither book is likely to be particularly helpful to the student of Russian development. Both are thin beside the work of, say, Duranty or Louis Fischer. Mr. Muggeridge denies the foreign correspondent's freedom to tell the truth from Russia. But all of us who read the Russian sketches that still issue in profusion from the press know that there are exceptions to his rule and that the exceptions have written the illuminating books. We wish Mr. Muggeridge a speedy return to imaginative literature: quasi-satire is not his line. Miss Hamilton might well and profitably to us all 'do' the British Dominions next.

The History of Buddhist Thought

By Edward J. Thomas. Kegan Paul. 15s.

The dread of India was re-incarnation, its desire was to escape from a weary cycle of re-births, to be freed from an unending chain of repeated existences. Asceticism was born of this fear, for by means of it man experienced in this life the beginning of the cessation he craved. Before the rise of Buddhism the exclusiveness of the Brahmin priests had debarred the other castes from entering the ascetic stage. Reformers therefore arose within the fold of Hinduism, the most important of whom was the Buddha, whose teachings were to a certain extent a protest against the Brahminism of their time.

Dr. Thomas, in this scholarly study of the history of Buddhist thought, which should be read in conjunction with his previous volume in this series on *The Life of the Buddha*, traces the growth of Buddhism from its inception as a simple agnostic system of quietism, combined with certain mystic practices (yoga) to its expansion into one of the most developed systems of Indian thought. Buddhism arose first in history as an ascetic movement, but its founder, after long meditation, and after enlightenment had come to him, preached that the cessation of sorrow and suffering was not to be found in extreme asceticism and self-mortification, but could be attained by following his Eightfold Path of self-training. The goal of this self-discipline was Nirvana, a state of the individual described as bliss and freedom from re-birth. In the pages of Dr. Thomas' well-documented volume can be traced the great transformation of Buddhism into a system whereby everyone might seek not merely to win salvation, but might aim at becoming a Buddha in order to save others, such a person being designated a Bodhisattva.

Space forbids even a bare mention of the many problems discussed in this book. Perhaps the most interesting to the layman are the author's speculations as to the reasons for the disappearance of Buddhism from the land of its founder. There were undoubtedly many factors producing this strange phenomenon, such as, actual persecution, and the influence of the reformed Brahminism demanding a lower standard of morality than that with which its rival was contented. Dr. Thomas, however, comes to the conclusion that in the absence of historical facts the causes of the disappearance of Buddhism from India must remain hypothetical. Nevertheless, it is well known that Fa-Hien, the Chinese pilgrim who visited India in the opening years of the fifth century after Christ, found Buddhism an idolatrous polytheism invaded by sexuality and Tantric cults. The most important point to remember is that Buddhism did not so much disappear as become reabsorbed into the Hinduism to which it was in many ways allied.

The ordinary reader will most probably find the chapter on 'Buddhism and Modern Thought' the most interesting, but enough has been written to show that this monumental work should find a place on the bookshelves of every oriental scholar and student of religion.

The Religious Crisis. By Roger B. Lloyd

Lovat Dickson. 5s.

Mr. Lloyd is strongly convinced that behind the crisis in politics and religion lies a far more profound crisis of the spirit, a conflict between the forces of religion and irreligion, which has long been preparing and must now be fought out with who can say what consequences for the future of humanity. This view has been steadily gaining ground among acute observers of present world tendencies. On the one side is Secular Humanism (Mr. Lloyd is at pains to define it) which views supernaturalism 'with a kind of sacred horror', on the other Christianity, the only religion historic and supernatural that has shown itself able to stay the course. 'Either Bolshevism', wrote Lenin with prophetic foresight, 'will triumph in the world, and, if so, it will crush Christianity, or Christianity will triumph and overthrow Bolshevism'. In Mr. Lloyd's view, if we substitute the word Humanism—for Bolshevism is but one of its manifestations—we have an exact picture of the crisis of post-war history. The struggle for those who appreciate the gravity of the issues has an epic grandeur, for the victor's prize is no less than the future mastery of the spirit of man.

It is the essential merit of this book that with unflinching intellectual honesty, and stoically renouncing all vain hopes of an accommodation, it sets out the terms of the conflict and helps us to realise the momentous character of the choice. Under the heading 'The Kingdom of Man' (as opposed to the Divine Commonwealth) the author examines the various means by which Humanism seeks to insure to each one the inward satisfaction of personal invulnerability. He has no difficulty in demonstrating that, far from forming a consistent body of doctrine, they are conflicting creeds with this alone in common, that, utterly rejecting God and the supernatural, they bid man trust in himself alone. Mr. Lloyd pays a warm tribute to the nobility of the Humanist quest, and it must be allowed that in its scrupulous fairness this penetrating analysis contrasts very favourably with the grotesque travesties of Christian doctrine too often met with in the works of distinguished Secularists.

In this and other recent books by representative Christian thinkers there is a new and unmistakable note of confidence, as though the writers had rediscovered the conception of the Church Militant and found sure grounds for their faith that ultimately it will be triumphant. The conviction is growing among them that the last and fiercest conflict is at hand, that Christianity is returning to the position it was in before Constantine and must set out again to conquer the world. More and more the Catholic doctrine of its founder's Person is seen to be the one source from which its philosophy and ethic derive their power. That doctrine is here reaffirmed by Mr. Lloyd in clear and challenging terms.

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little else. His recollections include no sensational musical events, and nothing new or of great interest except with regard to his own biography—but this is in itself an interesting, as yet almost unexplored subject. He studied first at St. Petersburg, then was sent (to fight an all but incurable inclination to laziness) to Moscow. He believed in Tchaikowsky, Tanciev, and Arensky rather than in the 'national' Russian school of St. Petersburg. He scored his first success with the one-act opera 'Aleko', written in 1892 (he was then nineteen years of age), and his first success as conductor in Moscow, in 1897. Then came other successes in Russia and abroad; a peaceful, well-filled life until the world war. He left Russia in December, 1917, never to return. He spent ten years in the United States; reappeared in Europe in 1928, and now spends part of every year in America and the remainder in various European countries. His output, we are told (it comprises music of all kinds, vocal and instrumental), is banned throughout Soviet Russia, as 'expressing the decadent ideas of a bourgeois, and particularly harmful in the present circumstances when the class war on the musical front is so bitter, and being the work of a servant and tool of the worst enemies of the Proletariat'—an unexpected and pathetic fate for music which ninety-nine people out of a hundred would regard as embodying ability and genuineness of purpose, but not pervaded by deep undercurrents, and no more counter-revolutionary than it is revolutionary.

Peter Sterry, Platonist and Puritan. By V. De Sola Pinto. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

Peter Sterry, Cambridge Platonist, chaplain to Cromwell and colleague of Milton, has had to wait for full recognition longer than Traherne, to whom he is spiritually akin. Professor Pinto, having now for the first time made an exhaustive study of Sterry's published and unpublished works, has given us in the present volume an admirable biographical and critical account of him, followed by an anthology of passages from his writings. Sterry is not mentioned in Tulloch's *Rational Theology*, yet in him are to be found a blend of Whichcote's lofty rationality with the sweet reasonableness of John Smith, the erudition of Cudworth, and the mystical enthusiasm of Henry More. Something like justice has been done, especially within recent years, to all these Emmanuel men; Sterry, long undeservedly neglected, has now at last been set among his peers.

Sterry may not have played Coleridge to Milton's Wordsworth (though it is possible that he assisted him in the Latin Secretaryship), but he seems to have resembled Coleridge not only in his 'oceanic' reading in the Neo-Platonists and the mediæval and Renaissance mystics, but also in his instinct for finding the doctrines of Christian theology in the very structure of the universe. Sterry probably did not flow into Milton's mind 'in a hundred nameless rills' as Coleridge did into Wordsworth's, but it is interesting to know that Milton worked for a time in the company of one who thought of God as a 'Vital Act', who considered the Fall of Man necessary in order to change the 'shadowy happiness' of the First Adam into a 'substantial' one, who regarded the Crucifixion as 'the consummation of the process by which God, the Absolute, is separated from the world', and who believed the classical myths to be, not relics of pagan idolatry, but 'confused dreams of Christ'. Sterry's divergencies from Milton are as significant as the many points of contact. He uses the Rabbinical doctrine of the 'retreat' of God, not to make room for the world or for free-will, but to account for the 'existence' of evil. His fusion of body and soul results, not in mortalism, but in immortalism; like Spinoza, he takes body and soul to be different aspects of the same thing. Though Christ is for him the 'actualisation of the Absolute' he is yet, unlike Milton, a Trinitarian. The Trinity is, indeed, for him the 'supreme example of Unity in Diversity', and the 'rhythm of the triad pervades the whole universe'. It is valuable to be reminded once again that Cromwell's Saints were not all joyless fanatics; Sterry, we discover, not only had a taste for Vandyck and Titian, but loved Nature as God's veil, and habitually thought and spoke of God not as the Supreme Mechanic but as Lover, Artist and Dreamer. Nevertheless, the main body of Puritan opinion, as we can see from Baxter's comments, was suspicious of Sterry's habit of dressing truth in 'so florid a disguise and paint'. His flamboyance and lusciousness of style, his belief in something like Purgatory, and his queer blend of æsthetic and religious emotion must have seemed, to the non-Platonic brethren, suspiciously like Popish carnality.

Perhaps, however, it was this very sensuousness which enabled Sterry to produce a better theory of the Imagination than the other Platonists, who in general think of it as a 'gross dew' besmearing the 'pure glass of our understandings'. One of the most exciting things quoted in Professor Pinto's delightful book is the passage in which Sterry partially anticipates Coleridge's Fancy-Imagination distinction:

(The Imagination) not only takes in and enjoys the sensitive forms of all the objects of sense, uniting and varying them according to its own pleasure, but also it espouseth in itself, the spiritual and corporeal world to each other . . . heightening the sensitive image to a greatness and glory above itself by this communion with its invisible patterns.

Not only all students of seventeenth-century literature and thought, but all readers who can savour fine prose and recognise a fine spirit, will be grateful to Professor Pinto for rescuing Sterry from oblivion. His book is no sterile product of academic research; its compilation has clearly been a labour of love, inspired by devotion to ideals akin to Sterry's own.

The Medium of Poetry. By James Sutherland Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

The chief purpose of Mr. Sutherland's inquiry is to show that a poem is generated not merely out of some 'experience' of the poet's, but also by various suggestions and impulses which come from the actual material he works in. Poetry is not governed by a dictator called the Muse or Inspiration. It is governed rather by a democracy of values. That is to say, a poem is often affected by the very words the poet is using, by rhythm, rhyme, metrical form and so on; and the practice of poetry is, as often as not, a deliberate response to a medium rather than to a muse. In a long comparative scrutiny of Wordsworth and Keats, Mr. Sutherland shows how, for Wordsworth, the chief source of poetry is the 'experience', and how the words and form are secondary. Wordsworth 'has some experience that stirs him deeply, and in time he finds expression for it in words metrically arranged'. Keats, on the other hand, is, as one might loosely say, more of the artist than the moralist: he succumbs only too happily to the suggestions of his medium. He is engrossed, as he said himself, in 'the innumerable compositions and decompositions which take place between the intellect and its thousand materials before it arrives at that trembling delicate and snail-horn perception of beauty'. Unlike Wordsworth, he seldom has anything definite to express—in the way of idea or experience—before he begins to write, and so is freer to improvise at the dictation of his medium. And this is essentially the condition likely to produce the most acute response to the potency of words and cadences. It is the condition which so perfectly accounts for Keats' declaration—'I look upon fine phrases like a lover'. Mr. Sutherland is careful to insist that this difference between Wordsworth and Keats is not a distinction between good and bad poetry; but between two different conceptions of poetry; and his long and abundantly-illustrated examination of these rival conceptions is one of the most enjoyable pieces of criticism anyone could desire. For the reader who already has some knowledge of poetry, this excellent separation of purposes which are too often confused will prove a revelation of the greatest value.

In the latter part of his essay Mr. Sutherland discusses some of the elements of that medium which, as he has shown, pre-occupy the poet like Keats. Where does the 'tune' come from? Does it beget a poetic idea, or is it itself begotten by an experience or an emotion? Is it a tune that springs into the poet's mind or is it borrowed and adapted, consciously or not, from someone else's rhythm? How far has every rhythm an inalienable association? Or, again, what are the consequences of the poet's wrestling with his rhymes? Must rhyme be necessarily obtrusive, artificial, constricting? Or can it become an inseparable and seamless part of the unity of the whole poem? And in one of the most stimulating chapters of this book Mr. Sutherland reminds us of what is most fundamental in all poetry—the sensibility to words, the sudden kindling to the association and the multiple meanings of language.

Mr. Sutherland leaves a loose end here and there. He says, for instance, that Keats was often impelled by 'the inherent beauty of word or phrase or image considered by itself'. It is exactly at that point that we need some clues to the meaning of 'inherent beauty'; but Mr. Sutherland leaves it vaguely at that. Still, this is a big subject for a little book; and no one could have covered the ground more freshly and more acutely than Mr. Sutherland has done.

New Novels

Turf or Stone. By Margiad Evans. Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

Falling Star. By Vicki Baum. Translated by Ida Zeitlin. Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.

The Noblest Prospect. By Michael Murray. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

News from Havre. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Beatrice de Holthoir. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

TURF OR STONE and *Falling Star* provide an interesting contrast of styles. This is from the first:

Mrs. Fitzgerald, a handsome, wild girl with yellowish-brown eyes, a tanned skin and a haughty manner, spent most of her time making pegs or going round the streets with a barrel-organ. She always wore a voluminous plaid frock, quantities of jewellery, and, indoors and out, a black befeathered hat was perched on her plaited hair. She was odd; she hardly ever spoke, but sang and whistled and made a great deal of wooden noise by rattling her heels on the board floor while she spliced pegs and made mats and brooms.

This is from the other:

It may be recalled that at the time of the *Cardogan* opening Oliver Dent was recognised as the handsomest man in the world. The Publicity Department had established this fact through statistics and contests, thereby thrusting Oliver into the glare of a rather dubious limelight. The real Oliver Dent had not a trace of this poster beauty. He had a kind of hard, luminous strength that broke through the heaviest, most obliterating make-up. The public, hungering for the fulfilment of dreams, worshipped him without knowing why. The critics kept unearthing the same adjectives to describe him—adjectives all associated with light—'brilliant', 'dazzling', 'radiant'.

The first of these portraits is rough-edged and vivid, the second smooth and colourless: the actual Oliver Dent, one feels, is just as much made up as the made-up one. Miss Evans' characters are drawn from life (I do not mean that they are portraits of actual persons) and Vicki Baum's from a popular romantic idea of life. Vicki Baum is a skilful and experienced novelist; Miss Evans is not; but there is no comparison between the quality of their imagination.

Turf or Stone is a great improvement on the author's first book, *The Wooden Doctor*. The characters are more completely rounded off, and their relations to one another realised with greater justice. The chief figure in the book is Easter Probert, groom to Matt Kilminster, the 'shiftless, easy going, vehement' son of 'a north Hereford gentleman, who had married his housekeeper late in life'. Matt lives in a large dilapidated house, has an unhappy family life, and drinks. Presently he falls in love with Probert's handsome wife Mary, and everything goes on with tolerable smoothness until she discovers that he has been paying her husband two pounds a week for enjoying her favours. At last, goaded by a particularly fiendish piece of cruelty by Probert, she petitions for a separation. Probert threatens to expose his master, but at the last moment is persuaded by Matt's daughter Phoebe to say nothing. The following week he is murdered by the husband of a woman to whom he had been making love. The plot is somewhat inconclusive, and its working out arbitrary and haphazard. Matt Kilminster and Mary Probert are really the decisive characters at the climax of the story, but their love affair is never really described; Phoebe Kilminster seems cast for an important role at first, but has little to do with the action until near the end. Easter Probert's death is brought about by a character who is never properly introduced. All this gives one a feeling that there is something wrong with the development of the story, that the author does not have it properly under control. But this may mean simply that Miss Evans' powers have not yet matured. And they are very uncommon. All the chief characters, Easter and Mary Probert and the whole Kilminster household, are drawn with extraordinary vividness and truth. Easter himself is very nearly a fiend, and he never becomes quite comprehensible; but Miss Evans has managed to make him human by a few admirable strokes of pathos. The whole Kilminster household is brilliantly described. Miss Evans is certainly a writer of remarkable gifts, and this book should be read.

The theme of *Falling Star* is really the heartlessness of Hollywood. Oliver Dent, a handsome muscular young English cinema hero madly in love with Donka Morescu, a Rumanian star, falls ill. He decides to go for a trip to Europe, is dissuaded at the last moment by Donka, takes a fishing holiday instead, and presently has to go to New York to consult a specialist. The specialist performs an operation upon him, but he sinks rapidly. Meanwhile Donka is taking the main part in a new picture in Hollywood; so though all the American papers are filled with bulletins describing the progress of Oliver's illness, she is solicitously kept in ignorance that she may go on. The cinema, it appears, is more important than human life, for

when Donka reaches Oliver at last he is dead. The story is a very simplified and somewhat melodramatic statement of the opposing claims of commercial and human values. The author carries off its essential nonsensicality by virtue of a pleasant warmth of temperament. She introduces us, as in *Grand Hotel*, to a cosmopolitan society. Her heroine is Rumanian, her hero English, her film-producer German. She shows us that in spite of their differences of race they are all human: that is her discovery. Her whole philosophy is expressed in three sentences in this story: 'People have the idea that commercial travellers cannot take love seriously. But they are like other human beings and not as they are pictured in comic papers. Every human being is like every other human being—film people too'. She develops this idea with some skill in her latest novel, and also gives what seems to be a capable account of Hollywood.

The Noblest Prospect is chiefly a description of a young Scotsman's responses to English and particularly London life. Kenneth Morrison wins two hundred pounds by a bet, and being sick of Edinburgh sets off for the south. He is in turn a waiter in a night-club, secretary to an effeminate music critic, and porter in a discreet brothel. There he meets in dramatic circumstances an Irish girl with whom he is in love and for whom he has been searching London in vain. This episode is not convincing; but Mr. Murray shows sensitiveness and penetration in his description of Kenneth's responses to English life, which is half-foreign to him. Kenneth's vacillations between like and dislike are rendered with a great deal of skill, and the criticism of London life implied by them is often surprising and just. But Mr. Murray somewhat discounts it by insisting out of season that Kenneth is a Celt with a specifically Celtic reaction to the vices of great cities; for the judgment of a Scottish Highlander on London or anything else is, after all, no more universally valid than that of an Italian, a German, or a Lithuanian. Yet Mr. Murray cannot help giving the impression that it is in some way innately superior, instead of letting it stand for what it is worth, that is, a quite sincere and very interesting human testimony. He is excellent in his delineation of character: French Bob, the little Cockney, is a delightful portrait drawn with complete sympathy, and Fenelon, the music critic, with his entourage of young men down from Oxford, could not have been done more skilfully. There are very amusing scenes in the book, a good deal of penetrating observation, and some rather exasperating romanticism about the Celts which is rather too reminiscent of the Nordic romanticism at present prevalent in Germany.

News from Havre is a novel which reminds one how much higher in intelligence the general level of fiction is in France than here. This volume is the first of several which will tell the story of the Pasquier family. It is not a great novel, but it maintains throughout a level of intelligence and sensibility which compels one's admiration. It describes the childhood of the hero, Laurent Pasquier, who himself tells the story, the struggle of the family to keep alive, and the hopes and fears caused by a legacy which is delayed again and again. The various figures, Father and Mother Pasquier, Laurent himself, the neighbours, are not described, as Miss Evans describes hers, by a few intense strokes, but by an innumerable series of delicate and unobtrusive touches; and all of them have an exquisite clarity. Somewhat shadowy at first, the characters assume solidity and definition with the progress of the story; we come to know them by leisurely stages as we come to know real people. Pasquier himself is obviously a character whom M. Duhamel intends to draw on a large scale; he dominates the present volume, and seems to have the potentialities of a really great Balzacian creation. It is impossible to judge what the whole novel will grow into from this first volume, which is only an introduction. But it contains several masterly portraits and is well worth reading for its own sake. Miss Beatrice de Holthoir's rendering, in spite of a few Gallicisms, is unusually sensitive and skilful.

Mr. Muir also recommends *The People of the House*, by W. B. Maxwell (Heinemann); *The Sancroft Sisters*, by Beatrice Curtis Brown (Gollancz); and *Hunger March*, by Doy Allan (Hutchinson)—all 7s. 6d.